THE

GENTLEMAN Dancing-Master.

A

COMEDY,

Acted at the

DUKE'S THEATRE.

By Mr. *Wycherley.*

Horat.—— *Non ſatis eſt riſu diducere rictum*
Auditoris : & eſt quædam tamen hìc quoq; virtus.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. M.* for *Henry Herringman* and *Thomas Dring* at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, and at the Sign of the *White Lyon* in *Fleetſtreet* near *Chancery-lane* end. 1673.

A

COMEDY

PROLOGUE

To the CITY,

Newly after the Removal of the Dukes Company from *Lincoln-Inn-fields* to their new Theatre, near *Salisbury-Court*.

OUR Author (like us) finding 'twould scarce do,
At t'other end o'th' Town, to come to you:
And since 'tis his Last Tryal, has that Wit
To throw himself on a substantial Pit,
Where needy Wit, or Critick dare not come,
Lest Neighbour i'the Cloak, with looks so grim,
Shou'd prove a Dunne;
Where Punk *in Vizor dare not roar and tear*
To put us out, since Bridewell *is so near;*
In short, we shall be heard, be understood,
If not, shall be admir'd, and that's as good;
For you to senseless Plays have still been kind,
Nay where no sense was, you a Jest won'd find:
And never was it heard of, that the City
Did ever take occasion to be witty
Upon dull Poet, or stiff Players Action,
But still with claps oppos'd the hissing Faction.
But if you hiss'd, 'twas at the Pit, not Stage,
So with the Poet, damn'd the damning Age,
And still we know are ready to ingage
Against the flouting, ticking Gentry, who
Citizen, Player, Poet, won'd undo,
The Poet, no; unless by commendation;
For on the Change, Wits have no reputation;
And rather than be branded for a Wit,
He with you, able men, won'd credit get.

The

The Persons.

Mr. *Gerard*, Mr. *Martin*. } Young Gentlemen of the Town, and Friends.

Mr. *Parris* or *Monsieur De Paris*. } A vain Coxcomb, and rich City-Heir, newly returned from *France*, and mightily affected with the *French* Language and Fashions.

Mr. *James Formal* or *Don Diego*. } An old rich *Spanish* Merchant newly returned home, as much affected with the Habit and Customs of *Spain*, and Uncle to *De Paris*.

Mrs. *Hippolita*. *Formal's* Daughter.

Mrs. *Caution*. } *Formal's* Sister, an impertinent precise Old Woman.

Prue. *Hippolita's* Maid.

Mrs. *Flirt*. Mrs. *Flounce*. } Two Common Women of the Town.

A little *Black-a-more*, Lacquey to *Formal*.

A Parson.

A *French* Scullion.

Servants, Waiter, and Attendants.

SCENE *London*.

THE GENTLEMAN-Dancing-Master.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Don Diego's *House in the Evening.*

Enter Hippolita *and* Prue *her Maid.*

Hipp. TO confine a Woman juſt in her rambling Age! take away her liberty at the very time ſhe ſhou'd uſe it! O barbarous Aunt! O unnatural Father! to ſhut up a poor Girl at fourteen, and hinder her budding; all things are ripen'd by the Sun; to ſhut up a poor Girl at fourteen! ——

Prue. 'Tis true, Miſs, two poor young Creatures as we are!

Hipp. Not ſuffer'd to ſee a play in a twelve-month! ——

Prue. Nor to go to *Ponchinello* nor Paradiſe! ——

Hypp. Nor to take a Ramble to the Park nor Mulberry-gar'n! ——

Prue. Nor to *Tatnam-Court* nor *Iſlington!* ——

Hipp. Nor to eat a Sillybub in new Spring-gar'n with a Couſin! ——

Pru. Nor to drink a pint of Wine with a Friend at the Prince in the Sun!———

Hypp. Nor to hear a Fiddle in good Company.

Pru. Nor to hear the Organs and Tongs at the Gun in *Moorfields*!———

Hipp. Nay, not suffer'd to go to Church, because the men are sometimes there! little did I think I should ever have long'd to go to Church!

Pru. Or I either, but between two Maids!——

Hipp. Not see a man!——

Pru. Nor come near a man!——

Hipp. Nor hear of a man.——

Pru. No, Miss, but to be deny'd a man! and to have no use at all of a man!———

Hipp. Hold, hold---- your resentment is as much greater than mine, as your experience has been greater; but all this while, what do we make of my Cousin, my Husband elect (as my Aunt says) we have had his Company these three days. Is he no man?

Pru. No faith, he's but a *Monsieur*, but you'll resolve your self that question within these three days: for by that time, he'll be your Husband, if your Father come to night?——.

Hipp. Or if I provide not my self with another in the mean time! For Fathers seldom chuse well, and I will no more take my Fathers choice in a Husband, than I would in a Gown or a Suit of Knots: so that if that Cousin of mine were not an ill contriv'd ugly-Frekeish-fool in being my Fathers choice, I shou'd hate him; besides, he has almost made me out of love with mirth and good humour; for he debases it as much as a Jack-pudding; and Civility and good Breeding more than a City Dancing-Master.———

Pru. What, won't you marry him then, Madam?

Hipp. Wou'dst thou have me marry a Fool! an Idiot?

Pru. Lord! 'tis a sign you have been kept up indeed! and know little of the World to refuse a man for a Husband only, because he's a Fool. Methinks he's a pretty apish kind of a Gentleman, like other Gentlemen, and handsom enough to lye with in the dark; when Husbands take their priviledges, and

for,

for the day-times you may take the priviledge of a Wife.

Hipp. Excellent Governeſs, you do underſtand the World, I ſee.

Pru. Then you ſhou'd be guided by me.

Hipp. Art thou in earneſt then, damn'd Jade? wou'dſt thou have me marry him? well---- there are more poor young Women undone and married to filthy Fellows, by the treachery and evil counſel of Chamber-maids, than by the obſtinacy and covetouſneſs of Parents.

Pru. Does not your Father come on purpoſe out of *Spain* to marry you to him? Can you releaſe your ſelf from your Aunt or Father any other way? Have you a mind to be ſhut up as long as you live? For my part (though you can hold out upon the Lime from the Walls here, Salt, old Shoes, and Oat-meal) I cannot live ſo, I muſt confeſs my patience is worn out——

Hipp. Alas! alas! poor *Prue*! your ſtomach lies another way, I will take pity of you, and get me a Huſband very ſuddenly, who may have a Servant at your ſervice; but rather than marry my Couſin, I will be a Nun in the new Proteſtant Nunnery they talk of, where (they ſay) there will be no hopes of coming near a man.

Pru. But you can marry no body but you Couſin, Miſs, your Father you expect to night, and be certain his *Spaniſh* policy and warineſs, which has kept you up ſo cloſe ever ſince you came from *Hackney*-School, will make ſure of you within a day or two at fartheſt———

Hipp. Then 'tis time to think how to prevent him--- ſtay---

Pru In vain, vain Miſs!

Hipp. If we knew but any man, any man, though he were but a little handſomer than the Devil, ſo that he were a Gentleman.

Pru. What if you did know any man, if you had an opportunity; cou'd you have confidence to ſpeak to a man firſt? But if you cou'd, how cou'd you come to him, or he to you? nay how cou'd you ſend to him? for though you cou'd write, which your Father in his *Spaniſh* prudence wou'd never permit you to learn, who ſhou'd carry the Letter? but we need not be concern'd for that, ſince we know not to whom to ſend it.

Hipp. Stay!---- it muſt be ſo---- I'le try however——

Enter Monſieur de Paris.

Monſ. Servitèur, Servitèur, là Couſinè, I come to give the *bon Soir*, as the *French* ſay.

Hipp. O Couſin, you know him, the fine Gentleman they talk of ſo much in Town.

Pru. What! will you talk to him of any man elſe?

Monſ. I know all the beaux monde Couſinè.

Hipp. Miſter——

Monſ. Monſieur Taileur! Monſieur *Eſmit*, Monſieur——

Hipp. Theſe are *French*-men——

Monſ. Non, non, you'd you have me ſay Mr. *Taylor*, Mr. *Smith*, fie, fie, certè nòn——

Hipp. But don't you know the brave Gentleman they talk of ſo much in Town?

Monſ. Who, Monſieur *Gerrard?*

Hipp. What kind of man is that Mr. *Gerrard?* and then I'le tell you.

Monſ. Why---- he is truly a pretty man, a pretty man---- a pretty ſo ſo---- kind of man, for an *Engliſh*-man.

Hipp. How! a pretty man?

Monſ. Why, he is conveniently tall---- but——

Hipp. But, what?

Monſ. And not ill-ſhap'd— but——

Hipp. But what?

Monſ. And handſom, as 'tis thought—but——

Hipp. But, what are your Exceptions to him?

Monſ. I can't tell you, becauſe they are innumerable, innumerable mon foy.

Hipp. Has he Wit?

Monſ. Ay, ay, they ſay he's witty, brave and dè bèl humeùr and well-bred with all that—— but——

Hipp. But what? he wants Judgment?

Monſ. Non, non, they ſay he has good ſenſe and judgment, but it is according to the account *Engliſ*—— for——

Hipp. For what?

Monſ. For Jarnie—— if I think it——

Hipp. Why?

Monſ.

Monſ. Why—why his Taylor lives within *Ludgate*— his Valet de Chambre is no *French*-man— and he has been ſeen at noon-day to go into an *Engliſh* Eating-houſe——

Hipp. Say you ſo, Couſin?

Monſ. Then for being well-bred you ſhall judge— firſt he can't dance a ſtep, nor ſing a *French* Song; nor ſwear a *French* Oatè, nor uſe the polite *French* word in his Converſation; and in fine, can't play at Hombrè— but ſpeaks baſe good *Engliſ'* with the commune homebred pronunciation, and in fine, to ſay no more, he ne're carries a Snuff-box about with him.

Hipp. Indeed——

Monſ. And yet this man has been abroad as much as any man, and does not make the leaſt ſhew of it, but a little in his Meen, not at all in his diſcour Jernie; he never talks ſo much as of St. *Peters* Church, and *Rome*, the Eſcurial, or *Madrid*, nay not ſo much as of *Henry* IV. of *Pont-Neuf*, *Paris*, and the new *Louvre*, nor of the *Grand Roy*.

Hipp. 'Tis for his commendation, if he does not talk of his Travels.

Monſ. Auh, auh—— Couſinè— he is conſcious himſelf of his wants, becauſe he is very envious, for he cannot endure me—

Hipp. He ſhall be my man then for that. [*aſide.*
Ay, ay, 'tis the ſame, *Prue.* No I know he can't endure you, Couſin——

Monſ. How do you know it—— who never ſtir out. Teſtè non——

Hipp. Well—dear Couſin— if you will promiſe me never to tell my Aunt, I'le tell you——

Monſ. I won't, I won't, Jarniè——

Hipp. Nor to be concern'd your ſelf ſo as to make a quarrel of it.

Monſ. Non, non——

Hipp. Upon the word of a Gentleman.

Monſ. Foy de Chevalier, I will not quarrel.

Prue. Lord, Miſs! I wonder you won't believe him without more ado?

Hipp. Then he has the hatred of a Rival for you.

Monſ. Mal à peſte.

Hipp.

Hipp. You know my Chamber is backward, and has a door into the Gallery, which looks into the back-yard of a Tavern, whence Mr. *Gerrard* once spying me at the Window, has often since attempted to come in at that Window by the help of the Leads of a low Building adjoyning, and indeed 'twas as much as my Maid and I cou'd do to keep him out——

Monſ. Aù lè Coquin! ——

Hipp. But nothing is ſtronger than averſion; for I hate him perfectly, even as much as I love you——

Pru. I believe ſo faith—— but what deſign have we now on foot? [*aſide.*

Hipp. This diſcovery is an Argument ſure of my love to you——

Monſ. Ay, ay; ſay no more, Couſin, I doubt not your amourè for me, becauſe I doubt not your judgment. But what's to be done with this Fanfaron—— I know where he eats to night—— I'le go find him out ventrè bleù——

Hipp. Oh my dear Couſin, you will not make a quarrel of it? I thought what your promiſe wou'd come to!

Monſ. Wou'd you have a man of Honour——

Hipp. Keep his promiſe?

Monſ. And loſe his Miſtreſs, that were not for my honour, ma foy——

Hipp. Couſin, though you do me the injury to think I cou'd be falſe— do not do your ſelf the injury to think any one cou'd be falſe to you— will you be afraid of loſing your Miſtreſs; to ſhew ſuch a fear to your Rival, were for his honour, and not for yours ſure.

Monſ. Nay, Couſin, I'de have you know I was never afraid of loſing my Miſtreſs in earneſt—— Let me ſee the man can get my Miſtreſs from me, Jarniè—— but he that loves muſt ſeem a little jealous.

Hipp. Not to his Rival, thoſe that have Jealouſie, hide it from their Rivals.

Monſ. But there are ſome who ſay Jealouſie is no more to be hid than a Cough; but it ſhou'd never be diſcovered in me, if I had it, becauſe it is not *French*, it is not *French* at all—— ventrè——bleu——

Hipp.

Hipp. No, you ſhou'd railly your Rival, and rather make a Jeſt of your Quarrel to him, and that I ſuppoſe is *French* too——

Monſ. 'Tis ſo, 'tis ſo, Couſin, 'tis the veritable *French* Method; for your *Engliſh*, for want of Wit, drive every thing to a ſerious grum quarrel, and then wou'd make a Jeſt on't, when 'tis too late, when they can't laugh, Jarnie!——

Hipp. Yes, yes, I wou'd have you railly him ſoundly, do not ſpare him a-jot—— but ſhall you ſee him to night?

Monſ. Ay, ay——

Hipp. Yes! pray be ſure to ſee him for the Jeſt's ſake——

Monſ. I will— for I love a Jeſtè as well as any bel Eſprit of 'em all——da

Hipp. Ay; and railly him ſoundly; be ſure you railly him ſoundly, and tell him, juſt thus— that the Lady he has ſo long courted, from the great Window of the *Ship*-Tavern, is to be your Wife to morrow, unleſs he come at his wonted hour of ſix in the morning to her Window to forbid the Banes; for 'tis the firſt and laſt time of aſking: and if he come not, let him for ever hereafter ſtay away and hold his tongue.

Monſ. Hah, ha, ha, a vèr good Jeſtè, teſtè bleu.

Hipp. And if the Fool ſhou'd come again, I wou'd tell him his own, I warrant you, Couſin; my Gentleman ſhou'd be ſatisfied for good and all, I'de ſecure him.

Monſ. Bòn, Bòn.

Pru. Well, well! young Miſtreſs, you were not at *Hackney*-School for nothing I ſee; nor taken away for nothing: a Woman may ſoon be too old, but is never too young to ſhift for her ſelf? [*aſide.*

Monſ. Hah, ah, ah, Couſin, dòu art a merry Grigg——ma foy—— I long to be with *Gerrard*, and I am the beſt at improving a Jeſtè—— I ſhall have ſuch divertiſement to night teſtè bleu.

Hipp. He'll deny, 'may be at firſt, that he never courted any ſuch Lady.

Monſ. Nay, I am ſure he'll be aſham'd of it: I ſhall make him look ſo ſillily, teſtè nòn—— I long to find him out, adieu, adieu, la Couſinè.

Hipp.

Hipp. Shall you be ſure to find him?

Monſ. Indubitablement I'le ſearch the Town over but I'le find him, hah, ha, ha—— *Exit* Monſ. *and returns.* But I'm afrait, Couſinè, if I ſhould tell him you are to be my Wife to morrow, he wou'd not come, now I am for having him come for the Jeſt's ſake—— ventrè——

Hipp. So am I, Couſin, for having him come too for the Jeſt's ſake.

Monſ. Well, well! leave it to me! ha, ha, ha.

Enter Mrs. Caution.

Mrs. Caut. What's all this gigling here?

Monſ. Hay, do you tinkè we'll tell you, no ſait, I warrant you teſtè nòn, ha, ha, ha——

Hipp. My Couſin is over-joy'd, I ſuppoſe, that my Father is to come to night.

Mrs. Caut. I am afraid he will not come to night— but you'll ſtay and ſee, Nephew.

Monſ. Non, non: I am to ſup at tother end of the Town to night—— la, la, la, la—— ra, ra, ra—— *Exit* Monſ. *ſinging.*

Mrs. Caut. I wiſh the *French* Levity of this Young-man may agree with your Fathers *Spaniſh* Gravity.

Hipp. Juſt as your crabbed old age and my youth agree.

Mrs. Caut. Well, Malapert! I know you hate me, becauſe I have been the Guardian of your Reputation. But your Huſband may thank me one day.

Hipp. If he be not a Fool, he would rather be oblig'd to me for my vertue than to you, ſince, at long run he muſt whether he will or no.

Mrs. Caut. So, ſo!——

Hipp. Nay, now I think on't; I'de have you to know the poor man, whoſo'ere he is, will have little cauſe to thank you.

Mrs. Caut. No——

Hipp. No; for I never lived ſo wicked a life, as I have done this twelve-month, ſince I have not ſeen a man.

Mrs. Caut. How! how! If you have not ſeen a man, how

cou'd

cou'd you be wicked? how cou'd you do any ill?

Hipp. No, I have done no ill, but I have paid it with thinking.

Mrs. Caut. O that's no hurt; to think is no hurt; the ancient, grave, and godly cannot help thoughts.

Hipp. I warrant, you have had 'em your ſelf, Aunt.

Mrs. Caut. Yes, yes! when I cannot ſleep.

Hipp. Ha, ha——I believe it, but know I have had thoſe thoughts ſleeping and waking: for I have dream't of a man.

Mrs. Caut. No matter, no matter, ſo that it was but a dream, I have dream't my ſelf; for you muſt know Widows are mightily given to dream, inſomuch that a dream is waggiſhly call'd the Widows Comfort.

Hipp. But I did not only dream Ih—— [*ſighs.*

Mrs. Caut. How, how! did you more than dream! ſpeak, young Harlotry; confeſs, did you do more than dream? how could you do more than dream in this houſe? ſpeak! confeſs.

Hipp. Well! I will then. Indeed, Aunt, I did not only dream, but I was pleaſed with my dream when I wak'd.

Mrs. Caut. Oh is that all? nay, if a dream only will pleaſe you, you are a modeſt young Woman ſtill but have a care of a Viſion.

Hipp. I; but to be delighted when we wake with a naughty dream, is a ſin, Aunt; and I am ſo very ſcrupulous, that I wou'd as ſoon conſent to a naughty man as to a naughty dream.

Mrs. Caut. I do believe you.

Hipp. I am for going into the Throng of Temptations.

Mrs. Caut. There I believe you agen.

Hipp. And making my ſelf ſo familiar with them, that I wou'd not be concern'd for 'em a whit.

Mrs. Caut. There I do not believe you.

Hipp. And would take all the innocent liberty of the Town, to tattle to your men under a Vizard in the Play-houſes, and meet 'em at night in Maſquerade.

Mrs. Caut. There I do believe you again, I know you wou'd be maſquerading; but worſe wou'd come on't, as it has done to others, who have been in a Maſquerade, and are now Virgins,

gins but in Maſquerade, and will not be their own Women agen as long as they live. The Children of this Age muſt be wiſe Children indeed, if they know their Fathers, ſince their Mothers themſelves cannot inform 'em! O the fatal Liberty of this maſquerading Age when I was a young Woman.

Hipp. Come, come, do not blaſpheme this maſquerading Age, like an ill-bred City-Dame, whoſe Huſband is half broke by living in *Coven-Garden*, or who has been turn'd out of the *Temple* or *Lincolns-Inn* upon a maſquerading Night: by what I've heard 'tis a pleaſant-well-bred-complacent-free-frolick good-natur'd-pretty-Age; and if you do not like it, leave it to us that do.

Mrs. Caut. Lord! how impudently you talk, Niece, I'm ſure I remember when I was a Maid.

Hipp. Can you remember it, reverent Aunt?

Mrs. Caut. Yes, modeſt Niece, that a raw young thing though almoſt at Womans eſtate, that was then at 30 or 35 years of age, would not ſo much as have look'd upon a man.

Hipp. Above her Fathers Butler or Coach-man.

Mrs. Caut. Still taking me up! well thou art a mad Girl, and ſo good night. We may go to bed, for I ſuppoſe now your Father will not come to night. [*Exit* Mrs. Caution.

Hipp. I am ſorry for it, for I long to ſee him. But I lye; I had rather ſee *Gerrard* here, and yet I know not *aſide*. how I ſhall like him: if he has wit he will come, and if he has none he wou'd not be welcome. [*Ex.* Hip. *and* Pru.

SCENE *changes to the* French-*Houſe, a Table, Bottles, and Candles.*

Enter Mr. Gerrard, Martin, *and* Monſieur de Paris.

Monſ. 'Tis ver veritable, Jarnie, what the *French* ſay of you *Engliſh*, you uſe the debauch ſo much, it cannot have with you the *French* operation, you are never enjoyee; but come, let us for once be enfinement galliard, and ſing a *French* Sonnet, ſings *la bontelle, la boutelle, glou, glou.*

Mart.

Mart. to Gerrard. What a melodious Fop it is?

Monſ. Auh—— you have no Complaiſance.

Ger. No, we can't ſing, but we'll drink to you the Ladies health, whom (you ſay) I have ſo long courted at her Window.

Monſ. Ay, there is your Complaiſance; all your *Engliſh* Complaiſance is pledging Complaiſance, ventrè—
but if I do you reaſon here, will you do me rea- *Takes the Glaſs*
ſon to a little *French* Chanſon aboirè——I ſhall
ſhall begin to you—— *La boutellè, la boutellè*—— *ſings.*

Mart. to Gerrard. I had rather keep Company with a Set of wide-mouth'd-drunken Cathedral Choriſters.

Ger. Come, Sir, drink, and he ſhall do you reaſon to your *French* Song ſince you ſtand upon't ſing him *Arthur* of *Bradely*, or, *I am the Duke of Norfolk.*

Monſ. Auh, Teſtè bleu, an *Engliſh* Catch ſie, ſie, ventrè—

Ger. He can ſing no damn'd *French* Song.

Monſ. Nor can I drink the damn'd *Engliſh* Wine. *Sets down the Glaſs.*

Ger. Yes, to that Ladies health, who has commanded me to wait upon her to morrow at her Window, which looks (you ſay) into the inward Yard of the *Ship*-Tavern, near the end of what dee'e call't ſtreet.

Monſ. Ay, ay, do you not know her, not you (vert & bleu)

Ger. But 'pray repeat agen what ſhe ſaid.

Monſ. Why, ſhe ſaid, ſhe is to be marry'd to morrow to a perſon of Honour, a brave Gentleman, that ſhall be nameleſs, and ſo, and ſo forth (little does he think who 'tis) [*aſide.*

Ger. And what elſe?

Monſ. That if you make not your appearance before her Window to morrow at your wonted hour of ſix in the morning to forbid the Banes, you muſt for ever hereafter ſtay away and hold your tongue, for 'tis the firſt and laſt time of aſking, ha, ha, ha!

Ger. 'Tis all a Riddle to me; I ſhould be unwilling to be fool'd by this Coxcomb. [*aſide.*

Monſ. I won't tell him all ſhe ſaid, leſt he ſhou'd not go,

I wou'd fain have him go for the Jeſt's ſake—— ha, ha, ha. [*aſide.*

Ger. Her name is, you ſay *Hippolita* Daughter to a rich *Spaniſh* Merchant.

Monſ. Ay, ay, you don't know her, not you à d'autrè à d'autrè ma foy—— ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Well! I will be an eaſie Fool for once.

Mart. By all means go.

Monſ. Ay, ay, by all means go— hah, ha, ha.

Ger. To be caught in a Fools Trap— I'le venture it. [*aſide.* Come, 'tis her health. [*Drinks to him.*

Monſ. And to your good reception—— teſtè bleu—— ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Well, Monſieur! I'le ſay this for thee, thou haſt made the beſt uſe of three months at *Paris* as ever *Engliſh* Squire did.

Monſ. Conſidering I was in a dam' *Englis'* pention too.

Mart. Yet you have convers'd with ſome *French*, I ſee; Foot-men I ſuppoſe at the Fencing-School, I judge it by your oaths.

Monſ. *French* Foot-men! well, well, I had rather have the converſation of a *French* Foot-man than of an *Engliſh* Eſquire, there's for you da——

Mart. I beg your pardon, *Monſieur*: I did not think the *French* Foot-men had been ſo much your Friends.

Ger. Yes, yes, I warrant they have oblig'd him at *Paris* much more than any of their Maſters did. Well, there ſhall be no more ſaid againſt the *French* Foot-men.

Monſ. Non de Grace—— you are alway turning the Nation *Francez* into redicule, dat Nation ſo accomplie, dat Nation which you imitate, ſo, dat in the concluſion you buttè turn your ſelf into rediculè ma foy: if you are for de raillery, abuſe the *Duch*, why not abuſe the *Duch*? les groſsè Villaines, Pandars, Inſolents; but here in your *England* ma foy, you have more honeùr, reſpectè, and eſtimation for de Duſhè Swabber, who come to cheat your Nation, den for de Franch-Foot-man, who come to oblige your Nation.

Mart.

Mart. Our Nation! then you disowne it for yours, it seems.

Monsf. Well! wàt of dàt; are you the disobligeè by datè?

Ger. No, Monsieur, far from it; you cou'd not oblige us, nor your Country any other way than by disowning it.

Monsf. It is de Brutalè Country, which abuse de *France*, an' reverencè de *Duche*: *I vill maintain, sustain, and justifie dat one little Franch-Foot-man have more honeur, courage, and generosity, more good blood in his vainèe, an' mush more good manners an' civility den all de State General togedèr*, Jarniè—— dey are only wise and valiant wèn dey are drunkeè.

Ger. That is always.

Monsf. But dey are never honestè wèn dey are drunkeè; dey are de only Rogue in de Varldè, who are not honestè wèn dey are drunk—— ma foy.

Ger. I find you are well acquainted with them, Monsieur.

Monsf. Ay, ay, I have made the tourè of *Holland*, but it was èn postè, derè was no staying for me, testè non—— for de Gentleman can no more live derè den de Toad in *Ir'land*, ma foy; for I did not see on' Chevalier in de whole Cuntreè: alway, *you know de Rebel hate de gens de quality*; besides, *I had make sufficient observation of the Canaile barbare de first nightèe of my arrival at Amsterdammè. I did visit you must knowone of Principal of de Stat General, to whom I had recommendation from England, and did find his Excellence weighing Sope*, Jarniè—— ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Weighing Sope!

Monsf. Weighing Sopè, ma foy, for he was a whole Sale Chandeleer, and his Lady was raking the Tale of Chandels wid her own witer hands, ma foy, and de young Lady, his Excellence Daughters stringing Harring, stringing Harring, Jarniè——

Ger. Sc—h—and what were his Sons doing?

Monsf. Auh—— his Son (for he had but one) was making de Toure of *France*, *Espaigne*, *Italy*, an' *Germany* in a Coach and six, or rader now I think on't, gone of an Embassy hidèr to derè Master *Cromwell*, whom dey did love and fear, because he was some-tingè de greater Rebel butè now I talk of de Rebellè, none but de Rebel can love de Rebellè, and so mush for you and your Friend the *Duche* I'le say no more, and pray do

you

you ſay no more of my Friend de *Franch*, not ſo muſh as of my Friend the *Franch*-Foot-man—da———

Ger. No, no; but, Monſieur, now give me leave to admire thee, that in three months at *Paris* you could renounce your Language, Drinking and your Country (for which we are not angry with you) as I ſaid) and come home ſo perfect a *French*-man, that the Drey-men of your Fathers own Brew-houſe wou'd be ready to knock thee in the head.

Monſ. Vèl, vèl, my Father was a Merchant of his own Beer, as the Nobleſsè of *France* of their own Wine: but I can forgive you that Raillery, that Bob, ſince you ſay I have the Eyrè *Francèz*. But have I the Eyrè *Francèz*?

Ger. As much as any *French*-Footman of 'em all.

Monſ. And do I ſpeak agreeable ill *Engliſh* enough?

Ger. Very ill.

Monſ. Veritablemènt!

Ger. Veritablemènt.

Monſ. For you muſt know, 'tis as ill breeding now to ſpeak good *Engliſh*, as to write good *Engliſh*, good ſenſe, or a good hand.

Ger. But indeed, methinks, you are not ſlovenly enough for a *French*-man.

Monſ. Slovenly! you mean negligent?

Ger. No, I mean ſlovenly.

Monſ. Then I will be more ſlovenly.

Ger. You know, to be a perfect *French*-man, you muſt never be ſilent, never ſit ſtill, and never be clean.

Mart. But you have forgot one main qualification of a true *French*-man, he ſhou'd never be ſound, that is, be very pockie too.

Monſ. Oh! if dat be all, I am very pockie; pockie enough Jarnie, that is the only *French* qualification may be had without going to *Paris*, mon foy.

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. Here are a couple of Ladies coming up to you, Sir.

Ger. To us! did you appoint any to come hither, *Martin*?

Mart. Not I.

Ger.

Ger. Nor you, Monſieur!

Monſ. Nor I.

Ger. Sirrah, tell your Maſter, if he cannot protect us from the Conſtable, and theſe midnight-Courſers, 'tis not a Houſe for us.

Mart. Tell 'em you have no body in the houſe, and ſhut the doors.

Wait. They'll not be ſatisfi'd with that, they'll break open the door, they ſearch'd laſt night all over the houſe for my Lord *Fisk* and Sir *Jeffery Jantee*, who were fain to hide themſelves in the Bar under my Miſtreſſes Chair and Peticoats.

Monſ. Wat do the Women hunt out the men ſo now?

Mart. Ay, ay, things are alter'd ſince you went to *Paris*, there's hardly a young man in Town dares be known of his Lodging for 'em.

Ger. Bailiffs, Purſevants, or a City-Conſtable are modeſt people in compariſon of them.

Mart. And we are not ſo much afraid to be taken up by the Watch, as by the taring midnight Ramblers or Houza-Women.

Monſ. Jarnie—— ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Where are they? I hope they are gone agen?

Wait. No, Sir, they are below at the Stair-foot, only ſwearing at their Coach-man.

Ger. Come, you Rogue! they are in Fee with you Waiters, and no Gentleman can come hither, but they have the intelligence ſtraight.

Wait. Intelligence from us, Sir, they ſhou'd never come here if we cou'd help it. I am ſure we wiſh 'em choak'd when we ſee them come in; for they bring ſuch good ſtomachs from St. *James's* Park or rambling about in the ſtreets, that we poor Waiters have not a bit left; 'tis well if we can keep our money in our Pockets for 'em; I am ſure I have paid ſeventeen and ſix pence in half Crowns for Coach-hire at ſeveral times for a little damn'd taring Lady, and when I aſk't her for it agen one morning in her Chamber, ſhe bid me pay my ſelf, for ſhe had no money: but I wanted the Courage of a Gentleman; beſides the Lord that kept her, was a good Cuſtomer to our houſe, and

my

my Friend, and I made a Conſcience of wronging him.

Ger. A man of Honour!

Monſ. Vert & bleu, pleasènt, pleasènt, mon ſoy.

Ger. Go, go, Sirrah, ſhut the door, I hear 'em coming up.

Wait. Indeed I dare not; they'll kick me down ſtairs, if I ſhould.

Ger. Go you, Raſcal, I ſay.

The Waiter *ſhuts the door, 'tis thruſt open again, Enter* Flounce *and* Flirte *in Vizards, ſtriking the* Waiter, *and come up to the Table.*

Ger. Flounce and *Flirte* upon my life. [*aſide.*

Ladies, I am ſorry you have no Volunteers in your Service; this is meer preſſing, and argues a great neceſſity you have for men.

Floun. You need not be afraid, Sir, we will uſe no violence to you, you are not fit for our Service; we know you——

Flirt. The hot Service you have been in formerly, makes you unfit for ours now; beſides, you begin to be ſomething too old for us we are for the briſk Hoaza's of ſeventeen or eighteen.

Ger. Nay 'faith, I am not too old yet, but an old acquaintance will make any man old; beſides, to tell you the truth, you are come a little too early for me, for I am not drunk yet; but there are your briſk young men who are always drunk, and perhaps have the happineſs not to know you.

Floun. The happineſs not to know us!

Flirt. The happineſs not to know us!

Ger. Be not angry, Ladies; 'tis rather happineſs to have pleaſure to come, than to have it paſt, and therefore theſe Gentlemen are happy in not knowing you.

Mart. I'de have you to know, I do know the Ladies too, and I will not loſe the honour of the Ladies acquaintance for any thing.

Floun Not for the pleaſure of beginning an acquaintance with us, as Mr. *Gerrard* ſays: but it is the general vanity of you Town-Fops to lay claim to all good acquaintance and perſons of Honour; you cannot let a Woman paſs in the *Mall* at midnight, but dam you, you know her ſtrait, you know her; but

but you wou'd be damn'd before you wou'd say so much for one in a Mercers Shop.

Ger. He has spoken it in a *French*-house, where he has very good credit, and I dare swear you may make him eat his words.

Monsr. She does want a Gown indeèt: she is in her dishabilieè, this dishabilieè is a great Mode in *England*; the Women love the dishabilieè as well as the men, ma foy. *Peeping under her Scarff.*

Flirt. Well: if we should stay and sup with you, I warrant you wou'd be bragging of it to morrow amongst your Comrades that you had the Company of two Women of Quality at the *French*-house and name us.

Mart. Pleasant Jilts. [*aside.*

Ger. No upon our Honours, we wou'd not brag of your Company.

Flown. Upon your Honours?

Mart. No faith.

Flown. Come, we will venture to sit down then: yet I know the vanity of you men; you cou'd not contain your selves from bragging.

Ger. No, no! you Women now adays have found out the pleasure of bragging, and will allow it the men no longer.

Mart. Therefore indeed we dare not stay to sup with you; for you wou'd be sure to tell on't.

Ger. And we are Young-men who stand upon our Reputations.

Flown. You are very pleasant, Gentlemen.

Mart. For my part I am to be marry'd shortly, and know 'twould quickly come to my Mistresses's ear.

Ger. And for my part I must go visit to morrow morning by times a new City-Mistress, and you know they are as inquisitive as precise in the City.

Flirt. Come, come! pray leave this fooling; sit down agen, and let us bespeak Supper.

Ger. No 'faith, I dare not.

Mart. Besides, we have supp'd.

Flown. No matter, we only desire you shou'd look on, while

we eat, and put the glass about, or so. [Ger. *and* Mar. offer to go out.

Flirt. Pray, stay.

Ger. Upon my life I dare not.

Floun. Upon our Honours we will not tell, if you are in earnest.

Ger. P'shaw, p'shaw—— I know the vanity of you Women, you cou'd not contain your selves from bragging.

Monsr. Ma foy! is it certain! ha, ha, ha! hark you, Madam! can't you fare well, but you must cry Roast-meat?
You'll spoil your Trade by bragging of your gains,
The silent Sow (Madam) does eat most Grains,
—da——

Flirt. Your Servant, Monsieur Fop.

Floun. Nay, faith, do not go, we will no more tell——

Monsr. Then you would of a Clapè, if you had it, dat's the only secret you can keep, Jarnie.

Mart. I am glad we are rid of these Jilts.

Ger. And we have taken a very ridiculous occasion.

Monsr. Wat! must we leave the Lady then, dis is dam Civilitie *Englis* mon foy.

Flirt. Nay, Sir, you have too much of the *French* Eyre to have so little honour and good breeding. [*Pulling him back.*

Monsr. Dee, you tinkè so then, sweet Madam, I have mush of de *French* Eyre?

Flirt. More than any *French*-man breathing.

Monsr. Auh, you are the curtoise Dame, mort-bleu, I shall stay then, if you think so. Monsieur *Gerrard*, you will be certain to see the Lady to morrow, pray not forget, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. No, no Sir,

Mart. You will go then?

Ger. I will go on a Fools Errant for once.

[*Exeunt* Gerrard *and* Martin.

Floun. What will you eat, Sir?

Monsr. Wat you please, Madame?

Floun. Dè Heare, Waiter, then some young Partridge.

Wait. What else, Madam?

Flirt. Some Ruffes.

Wait. What else, Madam?

Floun.

Flour. Some young Pheaſants.

Wait. What elſe, Madam?

Flirt. Some young Rabits, I love Rabits.

Wait. What elſe, Madam?

Flour. Stay——

Monſ. Dis *Englis* Waiter wit his wat elſe Madam will ruine me, teſte non. [*aſide.*

Wait. What elſe, Madam?

Monſ. Wat elſe Madam agen! call up the *French* Waiter.

Wait. What elſe, Madam?

Monſ. Again, call up the *French* Waiter or Queſinier, mort-teſte-ventre, vite, vite—— Auh, Madam, the ſtupidity of the *Englis* Waiter, I hate the *Englis* Waiter, mon foy. [*Ex. Wait.*

Flirt. Be not in paſſion, dear Monſieur.

Monſ. I kiſs your hand obligeant, Madam.

Enter a French *Scullion.*

Chere Pierot, Serviteur, Serviteur, [*Kiſſes the Scullion.* or ca a manger.

Scul. En voulez vous de Cram Schiquin.

Flour. Yes.

Scul. De Partrith, de Fayſan, de Quailles.

Monſ. This Bougre vel ruinè me too, but he ſpeak wit dat bel Eyrè and gracè. I cannot bid him hold his tongue, ventre, c'eſt aſſey, Pierot, vat-èn. [*Exit* Scull. *and returns.*

Scull. And de litèl plate de——

Monſ. Jarnie, vat-èn. [*Exit* Scull. *and returns.*

Scull. And de litèl plate de——

Monſ. De graſſe go dy way. [*Exit* Scull. *and returns.*

Scull. And de litèl de——

Monſ. De Fourmage, de Brie, vat-èn, go, go.

Flour. What's that Cheeſe that ſtinks?

Monſ. Ay, ay, be ſure it ſtinke extremente, Piero vat-èn; but ſtay till I drink dy health, here's to dat pretty Fellow's health, Madam.

Flirt. Muſt we drink the Scullions health?

Monſ. Auh, you will not be diſobligeant, Madam, he is the Quiſinier for a King, nay for a Cardinal or *French* Abbot. [*drinks.*

Flown. But how ſhall we divertiſe our ſelves till Supper be ready?

Flirt. Can we have better Divertiſement than this Gentleman?

Flown. But I think we had beter carry the Gentleman home with us, and becauſe it is already late ſup at home, and divertiſe the Gentleman at Cards, till it be ready dè hear. Waiter, let it be brought when 'tis ready to my Lodging hard by in *Muſtard* Alley, at the Sign of the *Crooked-Billet*.

Monſ. At the *Crook-Billet!*

Flirt. Come, Sir, come.

Monſ. Mort-bleu, I have take the Vow (ſince my laſt Clap) never to go again to the Bourdel.

Flown. What is the Bourdel?

Monſ. How call you the name of your Houſe?

Flirt. The *Crooked-Billet*.

Monſ. No, no, the—the Bawdy-houſe, vert & bleu.

Flown. How our Lodging! we'd have you to know——

Monſ. Auh, mort-bleu, I wou'd not know it, de *Crooke-Billet*, hah, ha.

Flirt. Come, Sir.

Monſ. Beſides, if I go wit you to the Bourdel, you will tell, mort-bleu.

Flown. Fie, fie, come along.

Monſ. Beſide, I am to be marry'd within theſe two days, if you ſhou'd tell now.

Flirt. Come, come along, we will not tell.

Monſ. But will you promiſe then to have the care of my honour, pray, good Madam, have de care of my honeur, pray have de care of my honeur. Will you have care of my honeur? pray have de care of my honeur, and do not tell, if you can help it; pray, dear Madam, do not tell. [*Kneels to em.*

Flirt. I wou'd not tell for fear of loſing you, my Love for you will make me ſecret.

Monſ. Why, do you love me?

Flirt. Indeed I cannot help telling you now what my modeſty ought to conceal, but my eyes wou'd diſcloſe it too. I have a paſſion for you, Sir.

Monſ. A paſſion for me!

Flirt. An extreme paſſion, dear Sir, you are ſo *French*, ſo mightily *French*, ſo agreeable *French*; but I'le tell you more of my heart at home: come along.

Monſ. But is your patiòn ſincere?

Flirt. The trueſt in the World.

Monſ. Well then I'le venture my body wit thee for one night.

Flirt. For one night, don't you believe that, and ſo you wou'd leave me to morrow; but I love you ſo, I cannot part with you, you muſt keep me for good and all, if you will have me. I can't leave you for my heart.

Monſ. How keep, Jarnie, de Whore *Englis'* have notingè but keepè, keepè in derè mouths now a-days, teſtè non: formerly 'twas enough to keep de ſhild, ma foy.

Flirt. Nay, I will be kept elſe—— but come we'll talk on't at home.

Monſ. Umh— ſo, ſo, ver vèl de Amourè of de Whore does alway end in keep, ha, keep, ma foy, keep, ha——

The Punck that entertains you wit' her paſſion,
Is like kind Hoſt who makes the Invitation,
At your own coſt, to his ſort bon Collation. [*Ex.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Don Diego's *Houſe in the Morning.*

Enter Don Diego *in the* Spaniſh *Habit, Mrs.* Caution *his Siſter.*

Don Dieg. Have you had a *Spaniſh* care of the Honour of my Family, that is to ſay, have you kept up my Daughter cloſe in my abſence? as I directed.

Caut. I have, Sir; but it was as much as I cou'd do.

Don. I knew that; for 'twas as much I cou'd do to keep up her Mother. I that have been in *Spain* look you.

Caut.

Caut. Nay, 'tis a hard task to keep up an *English* Woman.

Don. As hard as it is for those who are not kept up to be honest, look you con *Licentia* Sister.

Caut. How now, Brother! I am sure my Husband never kept me up.

Don. I knew that, therefore I cryed con *Licentia* Sister, as the *Spaniards* have it.

Caut. But you *Spaniards* are too censorious, Brother.

Don. You *English* Women, Sister, give us too much cause (look you) but you are sure my Daughter has not seen a man since my departure.

Caut. No, not so much as a Church-man.

Don. As a Church-man (*Voto*) I thank you for that, not a Church-man! not a Church-man!

Caut. No, not so much as a Church-man; but of any, one wou'd think one might trust a Church-man.

Don. No, we are bold enough in trusting them with our Souls, I'le never trust 'em with the body of my Daughter, look you, *Guarda*, you see what comes of trusting Church-men here in *England*; and 'tis because the Women govern the Families, that Chaplains are so much in fashion. Trust a Church-man—trust a Coward with your honour, a Fool with your secret, a Gamester with your purse, as soon as a Priest with your Wife or Daughter, look you, *Guarda*, I am no Fool, look you.

Caut. Nay, I know you are a wise man, Brother.

Don. Why, Sister, I have been fifteen years in *Spain* for it, at several times look you: Now in *Spain* he is wise enough that is grave, politick enough, that says little; and honourable enough that is jealous; and though I say it that shou'd not say it, I am as grave, grum, and jealous, as any *Spaniard* breathing.

Caut. I know you are, Brother.

Don. And I will be a *Spaniard* in every thing still, and will not conform, not I, to their ill-favour'd *English* Customs, for I will wear my *Spanish* Habit still, I will stroke my *Spanish* Whiskers still, and I will eat my *Spanish* Olio still; and my Daughter shall go a Maid to her Husbands bed, let the *English* Custom be what 'twill: I wou'd fain see any finical cunning insinuating

sinuating Monsieur, of the age debauch, or steal away my Daughter; but well, has she seen my Cousin? How long has he been in *England*?

Cant. These three days.

Don. And she has seen him, has she? I was contented he shou'd see her, intending him for her Husband: but she has seen no body else upon your certain knowledge?

Cant. No, no, alas! how shou'd she? 'tis impossible she shou'd.

Don. Where is her Chamber? pray let me see her.

Cant. You'll find her, poor Creature, asleep, I warrant you; or if awake, thinking no hurt, nor of your coming this morning.

Don. Let us go to her, I long to see her, poor innocent Wretch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hippolita, Gerrard, *and* Prue *at a distance.*

Ger. Am I not come upon your own Summons, Madam? and yet receive me so?

Hipp. My Summons, Sir, no I assure you; and if you do not like your reception, I cannot help it; for I am not us'd to receive men, I'de have you to know.

Ger. She is beautiful beyond all things I ever saw. [*aside.*

Hipp. I like him extremely. [*aside.*

Ger. Come, fairest, why do you frown?

Hipp. Because I am angry.

Ger. I am come on purpose to please you then, do not receive me so unkindly.

Hipp. I tell you, I do not use to receive men; there has not been a man in the house before, but my Cousin, this twelvemonth, I'de have you to know.

Ger. Then you ought to bid me the more welcome, I'de have you to know.

Hipp. What do you mock me too? I know I am but a home-bred-simple Girl; but I thought you Gallants of the Town had been better bred, than to mock a poor Girl in her Fathers own house. I have heard indeed 'tis a part of good breeding to mock people behind their backs, but not to their faces.

Ger.

Ger. Pretty Creature! she has not only the Beauty but the Innocency of an Angel. [*aside.*

Mock you, dear Miss! no, I only repeated the words, because they were yours, sweet Miss, what we like we imitate.

Hipp. Dear Miss! sweet Miss! how came you and I so well acquainted? This is one of your confident Tricks too, as I have been told, you'll be acquainted with a Woman in the time you can help her over a Bench in the Play-house, or to her Coach: but I need not wonder at your confidence, since you cou'd come in at the great Gallery-window just now. But pray who shall pay for the glass you have broken?

Ger. Pretty Creature! your Father might have made the Window bigger then, since he has so fine a Daughter, and will not allow people to come in at the door to her.

Hipp. A pleasant man! well, tis harder playing the Hypocrite with him, I see, than with my Aunt or Father; and if dissimulation were not very natural to a Woman, I'm sure I cou'd not use it at this time; but the mask of simplicity and innocency is as useful to an intriguing Woman, as the mask of Religion to a States-man, they say. [*aside.*

Ger. Why do you look away, dearest Miss?

Hipp. Because you quarrell'd with me just now for frowning upon you, and I cannot help it, if I look upon you.

Ger. O let me see that Face at any rate.

Hipp. Wou'd you have me frown upon you? for I shall be sure to do't.

Ger. Come, I'e stand fair: you have done your worst to my heart already.

Hipp. Now I dare not look upon him, lest I shou'd not be able to keep my word. [*aside.*

Ger. Come, I am ready, and yet I am afraid of her frowns. [*aside.* Come, look, Ih— am ready, Ih— am ready.

Hipp. But I am not ready. [*aside.*

Ger. Turn, dear Miss, Come, Ih— am ready.

Hipp. Are you ready then, I'le look? [*Turns upon him.* No faith, I can't frown upon him, if I shou'd be hang'd. [*aside.*

Ger. Dear Miss, I thank you, that look has no terrour in't.

Hipp.

Hipp. No, I cannot frown for my heart; for blushing, I don't use to look upon men, you must know.

Ger. If it were possible any thing cou'd, those blushes wou'd add to her Beauty: well, bashfulness is the only out-of-fashion-thing that is agreeable. [*aside.*

Hipp. Ih—h—like this man strangely, I was going to say lov'd him. Courage then, *Hippolita*, make use of the only opportunity thou canst have to enfranchize thy self: Women formerly (they say) never knew how to make use of their time till it was past; but let it not be said so of a young Woman of this Age; my damn'd Aunt will be stirring presently: well then, courage, I say, *Hippolita*, thou art full fourteen years old, shift for thy self. [*aside.*

Ger. So, I have look'd upon her so long, till I am grown bashful too; Love and Modesty come together like Money and Covetousness, and the more we have, the less we can shew it. I dare not look her in the face now, nor speak a word. [*aside.*

Hipp. What, Sir, methinks you look away now.

Ger. Because you wou'd not look upon me, Miss.

Hipp. Nay, I hope you can't look me in the face, since you have done so rude a thing as to come in at the Window upon me; come, come, when once we Women find the men bashful, then we take heart; now I can look upon you as long as you will; let's see if you can frown upon me now!

Ger. Lovely Innocency! No, you may swear I can't frown upon you, Miss.

Hipp. So I knew you were asham'd of what you have done; well, since you are asham'd, and because you did not come of your own head, but were sent by my Cousin, you say.

Ger. Which I wonder at. [*aside.*

Hipp. For all these reasons I do forgive you.

Ger. In token of your forgiveness then (dearest Miss) let me have the honour to kiss your hand.

Hipp. Nay, there 'tis you men are like our little Shock-dogs, if we don't keep you off from us, but use you a little kindly, you grow so fidling, and so troublesom, there is no enduring you.

Ger. O dear Miss, if I am like your Shock-dog, let it be in his priviledges.

Hipp. Why, I'de have you know he does not lye with me.

Ger. 'Twas well guess'd, Miss, for one so innocent.

Hipp. No, I always kick him off from the Bed, and never will let him come near it; for of late indeed (I do not know what's the reason) I don't much care for my Shock-dog nor my Babies.

Ger. O then, Miss, I may have hopes; for after the Shock-dog and the Babies, 'tis the mans turn to be belov'd.

Hipp. Why cou'd you be so good-natur'd as to come after my Shock-dog in my Love? it may be indeed, rather than after one of your Brother men.

Ger. Hah, ha, ha——— poor Creature, a Wonder of Innocency.

Hipp. But I see you are humble, because you wou'd kiss my hand.

Ger. No, I am ambitious therefore.

Hipp. Well, all this fooling but loses time, I must make better use of it. I cou'd let you kiss my hand, but then I'm afraid you wou'd take hold of me and carry me away. [*aside.*

Ger. Indeed I wou'd not.

Hipp. Come! I know you wou'd.

Ger. Truly I wou'd not.

Hipp. You wou'd, you wou'd, I know you won'd.

Ger. I'le swear I wo' not——— by———

Hipp. Nay, don't swear, for you'll be the apter to do it then, I wou'd not have him forswear it neither; he does not like me sure well enough to carry me away. [*aside.*

Ger. Dear Miss, let me kiss your hand.

Hipp. I am sure you won'd carry me away, if I shou'd.

Ger. Be not afraid of it.

Hipp. Nay! I am afraid of the contrary; either he dislikes me, and therefore will not be troubled with me, or what is as bad, he loves me, and is dull, or fearful to displease me. [*aside.*

Ger. Trust me, sweetest; I can use no violence to you.

Hipp. Nay, I am sure you wou'd carry me away, what shou'd you come in at the Window for, if you did not mean to steal me?

Ger. If I shou'd endeavour it, you might cry out, and I shou'd be prevented.

Hipp.

Hipp. Dull, dull man of the Town, are all like thee. [*aside.* He is as dull as a Country Squire at Questions and Commands. No, if I shou'd cry out never so loud; this is quite at the further end of the house, and there no body cou'd hear me.

Ger. I will not give you the occasion, Dearest.

Hipp. Well! I will quicken thy sense, if it be possible. [*aside.* Nay, I know you come to steal me away; because I am an Heiress, and have twelve hundred pound a year, lately left me by my Mothers Brother, which my Father cannot meddle with, and which is the chiefest reason (I suppose) why he keeps me up so close.

Ger. Ha! [*aside.*

Hipp. So—— this has made him consider, O money, powerful money! how the ugly, old, crooked, straight, handsom young Women are beholding to thee?

Ger. Twelve hundred pound a year——

Hipp. Besides, I have been told my Fortune, and the Woman said I shou'd be stoln away, because she says 'tis the Fate of Heiresses to be stoln away.

Ger. Twelve hundred pound year—— [*aside.*

Hipp. Nay more, she described the man to me, that was to do it, and he was as like you as cou'd be! have you any Brothers?

Ger. Not any! 'twas I, I warrant you, Sweetest.

Hipp. So he understands himself now.

Ger. Well, Madam, since 'twas foretold you, what do you think on't? 'tis in vain, you know, to resist Fate.

Hipp. I do know indeed they say, 'tis to no purpose: besides, the Woman that told me my Fortune, or you have bewitch'd me. Ih—— think. [*sighs.*

Ger. My Soul, my Life, 'tis you have Charms powerful as numberless, especially those of your innocency irresistable, and do surprise the wary'st Heart; such mine was, while I cou'd call it mine, but now 'tis yours for ever.

Hipp. Well, well, get you gone then, I'le keep it safe for your sake.

Ger. Nay, you must go with me, sweetest.

Hipp. Well, I see you will part with the Jewel; but you'll have the keeping of the Cabinet to which you commit it.

Ger. Come, come, my Dearest, let us be gone: Fortune as well as Women must be taken in the humour.

Enter Prue *running hastily to stop 'em*, Don Diego *and* Mrs. Caution *immediately after.*

Pru. O Miss, Miss! your Father, it seems, is just now arriv'd, and here is coming in upon you.

Hipp. My Father!

Don. My Daughter! and a man!

Caut. A man! a man in the house!

Ger. Ha!— what mean these! a *Spaniard.*

Hipp. What shall I do? stay— nay, pray stir not from me; but lead me about, as if you lead me a Corant. { *Leads her about.*

Don. Is this your Government, Sister, and this your innocent Charge, that has not seen the face of a man this twelvemonth *En horâ mala.*

Caut. O sure it is not a man, it cannot be a man! { *Puts on her spectacles.*

Don. It cannot be a man! if he be not a man he's a Devil; he has her lovingly by the hand too, Valga me el Cielo.

Hipp. Do not seem to mind them, but dance on, or lead me about still.

Ger. What de'e mean by't? [*apart to* Hipp.

Don. Hey! they are frolick, a dancing.

Caut. Indeed they are dancing, I think, why Niece.

Don. Nay, hold a little: I'le make 'em dance in the Devils name, but it shall not be la Gailliarda! { *Draws his sword*, Caution *holds him.*

Caut. O Niece! why Niece!

Ger. Do you hear her? what do you mean? [*apart to* Hipp.

Hipp. Take no notice of them; but walk about still, and sing a little, sing a Corant.

Ger. I can't sing; but I'le hum, if you will.

Don. Are you so merry? well, I'le be with you en hora mala.

Caut.

Cant. Oh Niece, Niece, why Niece, Oh——

Don. Why, Daughter, my dainty Daughter, my ſhame, my ruine, my plague.

Struggling gets from Caution, *goes towards 'em with his Sword drawn.*

Hipp. Mind him not, but dance and ſing on.

Ger. A pretty time to dance and ſing indeed, when I have a *Spaniard* with naked Toledo at my tail: no, pray excuſe me, Miſs, from fooling any longer.

Hipp. O my Father! my Father! poor Father! you are welcome, pray give me your bleſſing. [*Turning about.*

Don. My bleſſing en hora mala.

Hipp. What, am I not your Daughter, Sir?

Don. My Daughter, mi mal, mi muerte.

Hipp. My name's *Hippolita*, Sir, I don't owne your *Spaniſh* names; but pray, Father, why do you frighten one ſo? you know I don't love to ſee a Sword: what do you mean to do with that ugly thing out?

Don. I'le ſhew you, Trayidor Ladron, demi houra, thou dy'ſt. [*Runs at* Ger.

Ger. Not if I can help it, good *Don*; but by the names you give me, I find you miſtake your man, I ſuppoſe ſome *Spaniard* has affronted you. [*Draws.*

Don. None but thee, Ladron, and thou dy'ſt for't. [*Fight.*

Cant. Oh, oh, oh—— help, help, help.

Hipp. Oh—what will you kill my poor Dancing-maſter? [*Kneels.*

Don. A Dancing-maſter, he's a Fencing-maſter rather, I think. But is he your Dancing-maſter? Umph——

Ger. So much Wit and Innocency were never together before. [*aſide.*

Don. Is he a Dancing-maſter? [*Pauſing.*

Cant. Is he a Dancing-maſter? He does not look like a Dancing-maſter.

Hipp. Piſh—— you don't know a Dancing-maſter, you have not ſeen one theſe threeſcore years, I warrant.

Cant. No matter; but he does not look like a Dancing-maſter.

Don.

Don. Nay, nay, Dancing-masters look like Gentlemen, enough, Sister; but he's no Dancing-master by drawing his Sword so briskly: those tripping out-sides of Gentlemen are like Gentlemen enough in every thing but in drawing a Sword, and since he is a Gentleman, he shall dye by mine.

Hipp. Oh, hold, hold. [*Fight agen.*

Cant. Hold, hold! pray, Brother, let's talk with him a little first, I warrant you I shall trap him, and if he confesses, you may kill him; for those that confess, they say, ought to be hang'd— let's see——

Ger. Poor *Hippolita*, I wish I had not had this occasion of admiring thy Wit; I have increased my Love, whilst I have lost my hopes, the common Fate of poor Lovers. [*aside.*

Cant. Come, you are guilty by that hanging down of your head. Speak, are you a Dancing-master? Speak, speak, a Dancing-master?

Ger. Yes, forsooth, I am a Dancing-master, ay, ay——

Don. How do'st it appear?

Hipp. Why there is his Fiddle, there upon the Table, Father.

Cant. No busie-body, but it is not—— that is my Nephews Fiddle.

Hipp. Why, he lent it to my Cousin; I tell you it is his.

Cant. Nay, it may be indeed; he might lend it him, for ought I know.

Don. I, I, but ask him, Sister, if he be a Dancing-master, where?

Cant. Pray, Brother, let me alone with him, I know what to ask him, sure!

Don. What will you be wiser than I? nay, then stand away. Come, if you are a Dancing-master; where's your School? adondè, adondè.

Cant. Why, he'l say, may be he has ne're a one.

Don. Who ask'd you, nimble Chaps? So you have put an Excuse in his head.

Ger. Indeed, Sir, 'tis no Excuse, I have no School.

Cant. Well! but who sent you, how came you hither?

Ger. There I am puzl'd indeed. [*aside.*

Cant.

Caut. How came you hither, I say? how——

Gen. Why, how, how, how shou'd I come hither?

Don. Ay, how shou'd he come hither? upon his Legs.

Caut. So, so, now you have put an Excuse in his head too, that you have, so you have, but stay——

Don. Nay, with your favour, Mistress, I'le ask him now.

Caut. Y'facks; but you shan't, I'le ask him, and ask you no favour that I will.

Don. Y'fackins; but you shan't ask him, if you go there to look you, you Prattle-box you, I'le ask him.

Caut. I will ask him, I say, come.

Don. Where.

Caut. What.

Don. Mine's a shrewd question.

Caut. Mine's as shrewd as yours.

Don. Nay then we shall have it come, answer me, where's your Lodging? come, come, Sir.

Caut. A shrewd question indeed, at the Surgeons Arms I warrant in——— for 'tis Spring-time, you know.

Don. Must you make lyes for him?

Caut. But come, Sir, what's your Name? answer me to that, come.

Don. His Name, why 'tis an easie matter to tell you a false Name, I hope.

Caut. So, must you teach him to cheat us?

Don. Why did you say my questions were not shrewd questions then?

Caut. And why wou'd you not let me ask him the question then? Brother, Brother, ever while you live for all your *Spanish* wisdom, let an old Woman make discoveries, the young Fellows cannot cheat us in any thing, I'de have you to know; set your old Woman still to grope out an Intrigue, because you know the Mother found her Daughter in the Oven: a word to the wise Brother.

Don. Come, come, leave this tattling; he has dishonour'd my Family, debauch'd my Daughter, and what if he cou'd excuse himself? the *Spanish* Proverb says, Excuses neither satisfie Creditors nor the injur'd; the wounds of Honour must have

blood

blood and wounds, St. Jago para mi.

Kisses the Crosi of his Sword, and runs at Gerrard.

Hipp. Oh hold! dear Father, and I'le confess all.

Ger. She will not, sure, after all. [*aside.*

Hipp. My Cousin sent him, because, as he said, he wou'd have me recover my Dancing a little before our Wedding, having made a Vow he wou'd never marry a Wife who cou'd not dance a Corant. I am sure I was unwilling, but he wou'd have him come, saying, I was to be his Wife, as soon as you came, and therefore excepted obedience from me.

Don. Indeed the venture is most his, and the shame wou'd be most his; for I know here in *England* 'tis not the custom for the Father to be much concern'd what the Daughter does, but I will be a *Spaniard* still.

Hipp. Did not you hear him say last night he wou'd send me one this morning?

Cant. No not I sure. If I had, he had never come here.

Hipp. Indeed, Aunt, you grow old, I see, your memory fails you very much. Did not you hear him, *Prue*, say he wou'd send him to me?

Prue. Yes I'le be sworn did I.

Hipp. Look you there, Aunt,

Cant, I wonder I should not remember it.

Don. Come, come, you are a doting old Fool.

Cant. So, so, the fault will be mine now. But pray, Mistress, how did he come in: I am sure I had the Keys of the Doors, which till your Father came in, were not open'd to day.

Hipp. He came in just after my Father, I suppose.

Cant. It might be indeed while the Porters brought in the things, and I was talking with you.

Don. O might he so, forsooth; you are a brave Governante, look you, you a *Duenna veto*—— and not know who comes in and out

Cant. So, 'twas my fault, I know.

Don. Your Maid was in the Room with you! was she not, Child?

Hipp. Yes indeed, and indeed, Father, all the while.

Don.

Don. Well, Child, I am satisfi'd then; but I hope he does not use the Dancing-masters tricks of squeezing your hands, setting your Legs and Feet, by handling your Thighs, and seeing your Legs.

Hipp. No indeed, Father; I'de give him a Box on the Ear, if he shou'd.

Don. Poor Innocent! Well I am contented you shou'd learn to dance; since, for ought I know, you shall be marry'd to morrow, or the next day at fartheſt, by that time you may recover a Corant, a Sarabrand I wou'd say; and since your Cousin too will have a dancing Wife, it shall be so, and I'le see you dance my self, you shall be my Charge these two days, and then I dare venture you in the hand of any Dancing-master, even a sawcy *French* Dancing-master, look you.

Cant. Well, have a care though; for this man is not dress'd like a Dancing-master.

Don. Go, go, you dote, are they not (for the most part) better dress'd and prouder than many a good Gentleman? you wou'd be wiser then I wou'd you? Querno——

Cant. Well, I say only look to't, look to't.

Don. Hey, hey! come, Friend, to your bus'ness, teach her, her Lesson over again, let's see.

Hipp. Come, Master.

Don. Come, come, let's see your *English* Method, I understand something of Dancing my self— come.

Hipp. Come, Master.

Ger. I shall betray you yet, deareſt Miss, for I know not a step, I cou'd never dance. [*apart to* Hipp.

Hipp. No!

Don. Come, come, Child.

Hipp. Indeed I'm asham'd, Father.

Don. You must not be asham'd, Child, you'll never dance well, if you are asham'd.

Hipp. Indeed I can't help it, Father.

Don. Come, come, I say, go to't.

Hipp. Indeed I can't, Father, before you; 'tis my first Lesson, and I shall do it so ill: pray, good Father, go into the next Room for this once, and the next time my Master comes, you shall see I shall be confident enough.

Don. Poor foolish innocent Creature; well, well, I will, Child, who but a *Spaniſh* kind of a Father cou'd have ſo innocent a Daughter? In *England*, well I wou'd fain ſee any one ſteal or debauch my Daughter from me.

Hipp. Nay, won't you go, Father!

Don. Yes, yes, I go, Child, we will all go but your Maid; you ban dance before your Maid.

Hipp. Yes, yes, Father, a Maid at moſt times with her Miſtreſs is no body. [*Ex.* Diego *and Mrs.* Caution.

Ger. He peeps yet at the door.

Hipp. Nay, Father, you peep, indeed you muſt not ſee me, when we have done you ſhall come in. [*She pulls the door to.*

Pru. Indeed, little Miſtreſs, like the young Kitten, you ſee, yon play'd with your prey, till you had almoſt loſt it!

Hipp. 'Tis true, a good old Mouſer like you, had it taken up, and run away with it preſently.

Ger. Let me adore you, deareſt Miſs, and give you——

[*Going to embrace her.*

Hipp. No, no, embracing good Mr. that ought to be the laſt Leſſon you are to teach me, I have heard.

Ger. Though an after Game be the more tedious and dangerous, 'tis won, Miſs, with the more honour and pleaſure; for all that I repent we were put to't; the coming in of your Father as he did, was the moſt unlucky thing that ever befel me.

Hipp. What, then you think I would have gone with you.

Ger. Yes, and will go with me yet, I hope, courage, Miſs, we have yet an opportunity, and the Gallery-window is yet open.

Hipp. No, no, if I went, I would go for good and all; but now my Father will ſoon come in again, and may quickly overtake us; beſides, now I think on't, you are a Stranger to me. I know not where you live, nor whither you might carry me; for ought I know, you might be a Spirit, and carry me to *Barbadoes*.

Ger. No, dear Miſs, I would carry you to Court, the Play-houſes, and Hide-Park——

Hipp. Nay, I know 'tis the trick of all you that ſpirit Women

men away to speak 'em mighty fair at first; but when you have got 'em in your Clutches: you carry 'em into *York-shire*, *Wales*, or *Cornwall*, which is as bad as to *Barbadoes*, and rather than be served so, I would be a Pris'ner in *London* still as I am.

Ger. I see the Air of this Town without the pleasures of it, is enough to infect Women with an aversion for the Country. Well, Miss, since it seems you have some diffidence in me, give me leave to visit you as your Dancing-master, now you have honour'd me with the Character, and under that, I may have your Fathers permission to see you; till you may better know me and my heart, and have a better opportunity to reward it.

Hipp. I am afraid, to know your heart, would require a great deal of time, and my Father intends to marry me very suddenly to my Cousin who sent you hither.

Ger. Pray, sweet Miss, then let us make the better use of our time, if it be short: but how shall we do with that Cousin of yours in the mean time, we must needs charm him?

Hipp. Leave that to me!

Ger. But what's worse! how shall I be able to act a Dancing-master? who ever wanted inclination and patience to learn my self.

Hipp. A Dancing-School in half an hour will furnish you with terms of the Art. Besides, Love (as I have heard say) supplies his Scholars with all sorts of Capacities they have need of in spight of Nature, but what has Love to do with you?

Ger. Love indeed has made a grave Gouty States-man fight Duels; the Souldier flye from his Colours, a Pedant a fine Gentleman; nay, and the very Lawyer a Poet, and therefore may make me a Dancing-master.

Hipp. If he were your Master.

Ger. I'm sure, deares Miss, there is nothing else which I cannot do for you already, and therefore may hope to succeed in that.

Enter Don Diego.

Don. Come, have you done?

Hipp. O! my Father agen.

Don. Come, now let us see you dance.

Hipp. Indeed I am not perfect yet, pray excuse me till the next time my Master comes: but when must he come agen, Father?

Don. Let me see, Friend, you must needs come after Dinner agen, and then at night agen, and so three times to morrow too. If she be not marry'd to morrow (which I am to consider of) she will dance a Corant in twice or thrice teaching more, will she not? for 'tis but a twelve-month since she came from *Hackney*-School.

Ger. We will lose no time I warrant you, Sir, if she be to be marry'd to morrow.

Don. Truly, I think she may be marry'd to morrow, therefore I would not have you lose any time, look you.

Ger. You need not caution me I warrant you, Sir, sweet Scholar, your humble Servant, I will not fail you immediately after Dinner.

Don. No, no, pray do not, and I will not fail to satisfie you very well, look you.

Hipp. He does not doubt his reward, Father, for his pains. If you shou'd not, I wou'd make that good to him.

Don. Come, let us go into your Aunt, I must talk with you both together, Child. [*Ex.* Ger. Don.

Hipp. I follow you, Sir.

Pru. Here's the Gentlewoman o'th next house come to see you, Mistress.

Hipp. She's come, as if she came expressly to sing the new Song she sung last night, I must hear it, for 'tis to my purpose now. [*aside.*
Madam, your Servant, I dream't all night of the Song you sung last; the new Song against delays in Love: pray let's hear it again.

SINGS.

I.

Since we poor slavish Women know
Our men we cannot pick and choose,
To him we like, why say we no?
And both our time and Lover lose.

With

With feign'd repulses and delays
A Lovers appetite we pall;
And if too long the Gallant stays,
His stomach's gone for good and all.

2.

Or our impatient am'rous Guest,
Unknown to us, away may steal,
And rather than stay for a Feast,
Take up with some coorse, ready meal.
When opportunity is kind,
Let prudent Woman be so too;
And if the man be to your mind,
Till needs you must, ne're let him go.

3.

The Match soon made is happy still,
For only Love has there to do;
Let no one marry 'gainst her will,
But stand off, when her Parents woo.

And only to their Suits be coy,
For she whom Joynter can obtain
To let a Fop her Bed enjoy,
Is but a lawful Wench for gain.

Pru. Your Father calls for you, Miss. [*steps to the door.*

Hipp. I come, I come. I must be obedient as long as I am with him. [*pausing.*

Our Parents who restrain our liberty,
But take the course to make us sooner free,
Though all we gain be but new slavery;
We leave our Fathers, and to Husbands fly.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Don Diego's *House*.

Enter Monſieur, Hippolita, *and* Prue.

Monſ. SErviteur, Serviteur, la Couſin, your Maid told me ſhe watch'd at the ſtair-foot for my coming, becauſe you had a mind to ſpeak wit me before I ſaw your Fadèr, it ſeem.

Hipp. I wou'd ſo indeed, Couſin.

Monſ. Or ca, Or ca, I know your affair, it is to tell me wat recreation you adè with Monſieur *Gerrard*; but did he come I was afrait he wou'd not come.

Hipp. Yes, yes, he did come.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha—— and were you not infiniment divertiſeè and pleaſè, confeſs.

Hipp. I was indeed, Couſin, I was very well pleas'd.

Monſ. I do tinkè ſo. I did tinkè to come and be divertiſeè my ſelf this morning with the ſight of his reception; but I did ran'counter laſt night wit dam Company dàt keep me up ſo late I cou'd not riſe in dè morning. Mala peſtè de Puteins——

Hipp. Indeed we wanted you here mightily, Couſin.

Monſ. To elpè you to laugh; for if I adde been here, I had made ſuch recreation wid dàt Coxcomb *Gerrard*.

Hipp. Indeed, Couſin! you need not have any ſubject or ptoperty to make one laugh, you are ſo pleaſant your ſelf, and when you are but alone, you wou'd make one burſt.

Monſ. Am I ſo happy, Couſin? then in the bòn quality of making people laugh.

Hipp. Mighty happy, Couſin.

Monſ. De gracè,

Hipp. Indeed!

Monſ. Nay, ſans vanitiè I obſerve whereſoe're I come I make every body merry, ſans vanitiè— da——

Hipp.

Hipp. I do believe you do.

Monsr. Nay, as I marchè in de street I can make de dull Apprenty laugh and sneer.

Hipp. This Fool, I see, is as apt as an ill Poet to mistake the contempt and scorn of people for applause and admiration.

——— [*aside.*

Monsr. Ah, Cousin, you see wat it is to have been in *France*; before I went into *France* I cou'd get no body to laugh at me, ma foy.

Hipp. No! truly Cousin, I think you deserv'd it before, but you are improv'd indeed by going into *France*.

Monsr. Ay, ay, the *French* Education make us propre à tout; beside, Cousin, you must know to play the Fool is the Science in *France*, and I diddè go to the *Italian* Academy at *Paris* thrice a week to learn to play de Fool of Signior *Scaramouchè*, who is the most excellent Personage in the World for dat Noble Science. *Angel* is a dam *Englisb* Fool to him.

Hipp. Methinks now *Angel* is a very good Fool.

Monsr. Nauh, nauh, *Nokes* is a better Fool, but indeed the *English* are not fit to be Fools; here are vèr few good Fools. 'Tis true, you have many a young Cavalier, who go over into *France* to learn to be the Buffoon; but for all dat, dey return but mauvais Buffoon. Jarnìè.

Hipp. I'm sure, Cousin, you have lost no time there.

Monsr. Auh lè bravè *Scaramouchè*.

Hipp. But is it a Science in *France*, Cousin? and is there an Academy for Fooling: sure none go to it but Players.

Monsr. Dey are Comedians dat are de Matrès, but all the beaux monde go to learn, as they do here of *Angel* and *Nokes*; for if you did go abroad into Company, you wou'd find the best almost of de Nation conning in all places the Lessons which dey have learnt of the Fools, dere Matrès, *Nokes* and *Angel*.

Hipp. Indeed!

Monsr. Yes, yes, dey are the Gens de quality that practise dat Science most, and the most ambitieux; for Fools and Buffoons have been always most welcome to Courts, and desir'd in all Companies. Auh to be de Fool, de Buffoon, is to be de greatè Personagè.

Hipp.

Hipp. Fools have Fortune, they ſay indeed.

Monſ. So ſay old *Seneque*.

Hipp. Well, Couſin (not to make you proud) you are the greateſt Fool in *England*, I am ſure.

Monſ. Non, non, de gracè, non, *Nokes* dè Comedian is a pretty man, a pretty man for a Comedian, da——

Hipp. You are modeſt, Couſin; but leaſt my Father ſhou'd come in preſently (which he will do as ſoon as he knows you are here) I muſt give you a Caution, which 'tis fit you ſhou'd have before you ſee him.

Monſ. Well, vèl, Couſin, vat is dat?

Hipp. You muſt know then (as commonly the concluſion of all mirth is ſad) after I had a good while pleas'd my ſelf in jeſting and leading the poor Gentleman you ſent into a Fools Paradiſe, and almoſt made him believe I wou'd go away with him, my Father coming home this morning, came in upon us, and caught him with me.

Monſ. Mala-peſtè.

Hipp. And drew his Sword upon him, and wou'd have kill'd him; for you know my Fathers *Spaniſh* fierceneſs and Jealouſie.

Monſ. But how did he come off then? teſtè non.

Hipp. In ſhort, I was fain to bring him off by ſaying he was my Dancing-maſter.

Monſ. Hah, ha, ha, vèr good Jeſtè.

Hipp. I was unwilling to have the poor man kill'd you know for our fooliſh Frolick with him; but then upon my Aunts and Fathers inquiry, how he came in, and who ſent him; I was forc'd to ſay you did, deſiring I ſhou'd be able to dance a Corant before our Wedding.

Monſ. A vèr good Jeſt— da—— ſtill bettrè as bettrè.

Hipp. Now all that I am to deſire of you, is to owne you ſent him, that I may not be caught in a lye.

Monſ. Yes, yes, a ver good Jeſt, *Gerrard*, a Maſtrè de Dance, hah, ha, ha.

Hipp. Nay, the Jeſt is like to be better yet; for my Father himſelf has oblig'd him now to come and teach me: So that now he muſt take the Dancing-maſter upon him, and come

three

three or four times to me before our Wedding, lest my Father, if he shou'd come no more, shou'd be suspicious I had told him a lye; and (for ought I know) if he shou'd know or but guess he were not a Dancing-master, in his *Spanish* strictness and Punctillioes of Honour he might kill me as the shame and stain of his Honour and Family, which he talks of so much. Now you know the jealous cruel Fathers in *Spain* serve their poor innocent Daughters often so, and he is more than a *Spaniard*.

Monsr. Non, non, fear noting, I warrant you he shall come as often as you will to the house, and your Father shall never know who he is till we are marry'd; but then I'le tell him all for the Jests sake.

Hipp. But will you keep my Counsel, dear Cousin, till we are marry'd?

Monsr. Poor, dear Fool, I warrant thee, mon foy.

Hipp. Nay, what a Fool am I indeed, for you wou'd not have me kill'd; you love me too well sure, to be an Instrument of my death;

Enter Don Diego *walking gravely, a little Black behind him.* Mrs. Caution.

But here comes my Father, remember.

Monsr. I would no more tell him of it, than I would tell you if I had been with a Wench, Jarnie—— she's afraid to be kill'd, poor Wretch, and he's a capricious jealous Fop enough to do't, but here he comes. [*aside.*

I'le keep thy Counsel I warrant thee, my dear Soul, mon petit Cœur.

Hipp. Peace, peace, my Father's coming this way.

Monsr. I, but by his march he won't be near enough to hear us this half hour, hah, ha, ha.

[Don Diego *walks leisurely round the* Monsieur, *surveying him, and shrugging up his shoulders whilst* Monsieur *makes Legs and Faces.* [*aside.*

Don. Is that thing my Cousin, Sister?

Caut. 'Tis he, Sir.

Don. Cousin, I'm sorry to see you.

Monſ. Is that a *Spaniſh* Complement?

Don. So much diſguis'd, Couſin. [*aside.*

Monſ. Oh! is it but at laſt, ventrè? Serviteur, Serviteur, a Monſeur mon Oncle, and I am glad to ſee you here within doors, moſt *Spaniſh* Oncle, ha, ha, ha But I ſhould be ſorry to ſee you in the ſtreets, teſte non.

Don. Why ſoh—— would you be aſham'd of me, hah—— (voto a St. *Jago*) wou'd you? hauh——

Monſ. I it may be you wou'd be aſham'd your ſelf, Monſeur mon Oncle, of the great Train you wou'd get to wait upon your *Spaniſh* Huſe, puh— the Boys wou'd follow you, and hoot at you (vert & bleu) pardonè my *Franch* Franchiſe, Monſieur mon Oncle.

Hipp. We ſhall have ſport anon, betwixt theſe two Contraries. [*apart to* Prue.

Don. Do'ſt thou call me Monſeur (voto à St. *Jago*.)

Monſ. No, I did not call you Monſeur voto à St. *Jago*, Sir, I know you are my Uncle Mr. *James Formal*— da——

Don. But I can hardly know you are my Couſin, Mr. *Nathaniel Paris*; but call me Sir *Don Diego* henceforward, look you, and no Monſieur, call me Monſieur *Guarda*.

Monſ. I confeſs my errour, Sir; for none but a blind man wou'd call you Monſieur, ha, ha, ha— But pray do not call me neder *Paris*, but de *Paris*, de *Paris* (ſi vou plaiſt) Monſeur de *Paris*! Call me Monſeur and welcome, da——

Don. Monſieur de *Pantalloons* then voto——

Monſ. Monſieur de *Pantalloons*! a pretty name, a pretty name, ma foy, da— beintrove de *Pantalloons*; how much betrè den your de la *Fountaines*, de la *Rivieres*, de la *Roches*, and all the *De's* in *France*— da— well; but have you not the admiration for my *Pantalloon*, *Don Diego* mon Oncle?

Don. I am aſtoniſh'd at them verde deramentè, they are wonderfully ridiculous.

Monſ. Redicule, redicule! ah— 'tis well you are my Uncle, da—— Redicule, ah— is dere any ting in de Univerſe ſo jenti as de *Pantalloons*? any ting ſo raviſaunt as de *Pantallons*? Auh— I cou'd kneel down and varſhip a pair of jenti *Pantal-*——? vat, vat, you wou'd have me have de admiration for dis outward

outward skin of your Thigh, which you call *Spanish* Hose, fie, fie, fie—ha, ha, ha.

Don. Do'st thou deride my *Spanish* Hose? young Man, hauh.

Monsr. In comparison of *Pantalloon* I do undervalue 'em indeet, *Don Diegue* mon Oncle, ha, ha, ha.

Don. Thou art then a gavanho de malo gusto, look you.

Monsr. You may call me vat you vil, Oncle *Don Diegue*; but I must needs say, your *Spanish* Hose are scurvy Hose, ugly Hose, lousie Hose, and stinking Hose.

Don. Do not provoke me, *Boracho.*

[*Puts his hand to his Sword.*

Monsr. Indeet for lousie I recant dat Epithete, for dere is scarce room in 'em for dat little Animal, ha, ha, ha. But for stinking Hose, dat Epithete may stand; for how can dey chuse but stink, since dey are so furieusmentè close to your *Spanish* Tail, da.

Hipp. Ha, ha, ridiculous. [*aside.*

Don. Do not provoke me, I say, En hora mala.

[*Seems to draw.*

Monsr. Nay, Oncle, I am sorry you are in de pation; but I must live and dye for de *Pantalloon* against de *Spanish* Hose, da.

Don. You are a rash young Man, and while you wear Pantalloons, you are beneath my passion, vote—Auh—they make thee look and waddle (with all those gew-gaw Ribbons) like a great old Fat, slovenly Water-dog.

Monsr. And your *Spanish* Hose, and your Nose in the Air, make you look like a great grisled-long-*Irish* Grey-hound, reaching a Crust off from a high Shelf, ha, ha, ha.

Don. Bueno, Bueno.

Mrs. Carl. What have you a mind to ruine your self, and break off the Match?

Monsr. Pshaw—— wat do you telle me of de Matche? dee tinke I will not vindicate Pantalloons, Morbleu?

Dav. Well! he is a lost young Man, I see, and desperately far gone in the Epidemick Malady of our Nation, the affectation of the worst of *French* Vanities: but I must be wiser than him,

as I am a *Spaniard* look you *Don Diego*, and endeavour to reclaim him by Art and fair means (look you, *Don Diego*) if not he shall never marry my Daughter look you, *Don Diego*, though he be my own Sister's Son, and has two thousand five hundred seventy three pound Starling twelve shillings and two pence a year Penny-rent, Segarament. [*aside.*

Come Young-man, since you are so obstinate, we will refer our difference to Arbitration, your Mistress my Daughter shall be Umpire betwixt us, concerning *Spanish* Hose and Pantaloons.

Monsr. Pantaloons and *Spanish* Hose (si vous plaist.)

Don. Your Mistress is the fittest Judge of your Dress, sure?

Monsr. I know ver vel, dat most of the Jeunesse of *England's* will not change the Ribband upon de Crevat widout the consultation of dere Mattress, but I am no *English* da—— nor shall I make de reference of my Dress to any in the Universe, da—I judge by any in *England*, teste non. I wou'd not be judge by an *English* Looking-glass, Jarnie.

Don. Be not positivo, Young-man.

Mrs. Cant. Nay, pray refer it, Cousin, pray do.

Monsr. Non, non, your Servant, your Servant, Aunt.

Don. But pray be not so positive, come hither, Daughter, tell me which is best.

Hipp. Indeed, Father, you have kept me in universal ignorance, I know nothing.

Monsr. And do you tink I shall refer an Affair of dat consequence to a poor young ting who have not see the Varld, da, I am wiser than so voto?

Don. Well, in short, if you will not be wiser, and leave off your *French* Dress, Stammering, and Tricks, look you, you shall be a Fool and go without Daughter, voto.

Monsr. How, must I leave off my Janti *French* Accoustrements, and speak base *English* too, or not marry my Cousin! mon Oncle *Don Diego*. Do not break off the Match, do not; for know I will not leave off my Pantaloon and *French* Pronuntiation for ne're a Cousin in *England's*, da.

Don. I tell you again, he that marry's my Daughter shall at least look like a wise man, for he shall wear the *Spanish* Habit, I am a *Spanish* Positivo.

Monsr.

Monſ. Ver vel, ver vel! and I am a *Franch* Poſitive.

Don. Then I am Definitivo; and if you do not go immediately into your Chamber, and put on a *Spaniſh* Habit, I have brought over on purpoſe for your Wedding Cloaths, and put off all theſe *French* Fopperies and Vanidades with all your Grimaces, Agreeables, Adorables, ma Foys, and Jernies. I ſwear you ſhall never marry my Daughter (and by an Oath by *Spaniard* never broken) by my Whiſkers and Snuff-box.

Monſ. O hold, do not ſwear, Uncle, for I love your Daughter furieſment.

Don. If you love her, you'l obey me.

Monſ. Auh, wat vil become of me! but have the conſideration, muſt I leave off all the *Franch* Beautes, Graces, and Embelliſements, bote of my Perſon and Language.

[*Exeunt* Hipp. *Mrs.* Caution, *and* Prue *laughing.*

Don. I will have it ſo.

Monſ. I am ruinne den undonne, have ſome conſideration for me, for dere is not the leaſt Ribbon of my Garniture, but is as dear to me as your Daughter, Jernie——

Don. Then you do not deſerve her, and for that reaſon I will be ſatisfi'd you love her better, or you ſhall not have her, for I am poſitivo.

Monſ. Vil you breake mine Arte! pray have de conſideration for me.

Don. I ſay agen, you ſhall be dreſs'd before night from Top to Toe in the *Spaniſh* Habit, or you ſhall never marry my Daughter, look you.

Monſ. If you will not have de conſideration for me, have de conſideration for your Daughter; for ſhe have de paſſionate Amour for me, and like me in dis Habite betre den in yours, da——

Don. What I have ſaid I have ſaid, and I am uno Poſitivo.

Monſ. Will you not ſo muſh as allow me one little *Franch* Oate?

Don. No, you ſhall look like a *Spaniard*, but ſpeak and ſwear like an *Engliſh* man, look you.

Monſ.

Monſ. Helas, helas, den I ſhall take my leave, mort, teſte, ventre, Jernie, teſte bleu, ventre bleu, ma foy, certes.

Don. Pedro, Sanchez, wait upon this Cavaliero into his Chamber with thoſe things I ordered you to take out of the Trunks, I wou'd have you a little accuſtomed to your Cloaths before your Wedding; for if you comply with me, you ſhall marry my Daughter to morrow, look you. [*Calls at the door.*

Monſ. Adieu then, dear Pantalloon! dear Belte! dear Sword! dear Perruque! and dear Chappeaux, Retrouſee, and dear Shoe, Jernie; adieu, adieu, adieu, helas, helas, helas, will you have yet no pitie.

Don. I am a *Spaniſh* Poſitivo, look you.

Monſ. And more cruel than de *Spaniſh* Inquiſitiono, to compel a man to a Habit againſt his conſcience, helas, helas, helas. [*Exit* Monſieur.

Enter Prue *and* Gerrard.

Pru. Here is the Dancing-maſter, ſhall I call my Miſtreſs, Sir? [*Exit* Prue.

Don. Yes.

O you are as punctual as a *Spaniard*: I love your punctual men, nay, I think 'tis before your time ſomething.

Ger. Nay, I am reſolv'd your Daughter, Sir, ſhall loſe no time by my fault.

Don. So, ſo, tis well.

Ger. I were a very unworthy man, if I ſhould not be punctual with her, Sir.

Don. You ſpeak honeſtly, very honeſtly, Friend; and I believe a very honeſt man, though a Dancing-maſter.

Ger. I am very glad you think me ſo, Sir.

Don. What you are but a Young-man, are you marry'd yet?

Ger. No, Sir, but I hope I ſhall, Sir, very ſuddenly, if things h't right.

Don. What the old Folks her Friends are wary, and cannot agree with you ſo ſoon as the Daughter can?

Ger. Yes, Sir, the Father hinders it a little at preſent; but

tl

the Daughter I hope is resolv'd, and then we shall do well enough.

Don. What! you do not steal her, according to the laudable Custom of some of your Brother-Dancing-masters?

Ger. No, no, Sir, steal her, Sir, steal her, you are pleas'd to be merry, Sir, ha, ha, ha.
I cannot but laugh at that question. [*aside.*

Don. No, Sir, methinks you are pleas'd to be merry; but you say the Father does not consent.

Ger. Not yet, Sir; but 'twill be no matter whether he does or no.

Don. Was she one of your Scholars? if she were, 'tis a hundred to ten but you steal her.

Ger. I shall not be able to hold laughing. [*aside, laughs.*

Don. Nay, nay, I find by your laughing you steal her, she was your Scholar, was she not?

Ger. Yes, Sir, she was the first I ever had, and may be the last too; for she has a Fortune (if I can get her) will keep me from teaching to dance any more.

Don. So, so, then she is your Scholar still it seems, and she has a good Portion, I am glad on't, nay, I knew you stole her.

Ger. My laughing may give him suspicions, yet I cannot hold. [*aside.*

Don. What, you laugh I warrant to think how the young Baggage and you will mump the poor old Father; but if all her dependence for a Fortune be upon the Father, he may chance to mump you both, and spoil the Jest.

Ger. I hope it will not be in his power, Sir, ha, ha, ha.
I shall laugh too much anon. [*aside.*
Pray, Sir, be pleas'd to call for your Daughter, I am impatient till she comes; for time was never more precious with me and with her too, it ought to be so, sure, since you say she is to be marry'd to morrow.

Don. She ought to bestir her, as you say indeed, wuh, Daughter, Daughter, *Prue, Hippolita*: Come away, Child, why do you stay so long? [*Calls at the door.*

Enter

Enter Hippolita, Prue, *and* Caution.

Hipp. Your Servant, Master! indeed I am asham'd you have stay'd for me.

Ger. O good Madam, 'tis my Duty, I know you came as soon as you cou'd.

Hipp. I knew my Father was with you, therefore I did not make altogether so much haste as I might; but if you had been alone, nothing shou'd have kept me from you, I wou'd not have been so rude as to have made you stay a minute for me, I warrant you.

Don. Come, fidle, fadle, what a deal of Ceremony there is betwixt your Dancing-master and you, Querno——

Hipp. Lord, Sir, I hope you'l allow me to shew my respect to my Master, for I have a great respect for my Master.

Ger. And I am very proud of my Scholar, and am a very great Honourer of my Scholar.

Don. Come, come, Friend, about your bus'nes, and honour the King. Your Dancing-masters and Barbers are such finical smooth-tongu'd, tatling Fellows, and if you set 'em once a talking, they'll ne're a done, no more than when you set 'em a fidling: indeed all that deal with Fiddles are given to impertinency, [*To Mrs.* Caution.

Caut. Well! well! this is an impertinent Fellow, without being a Dancing-master; he's no more a Dancing-master than I am a Maid.

Don. What! will you still be wiser than I? yoto. Come, come about with my Daughter, man.

Pru. So he wou'd, I warrant you, if your Worship wou'd let him alone.

Don. How now Mrs. Nimble-Chaps?

Ger. Well, though I have got a little Canting at the Dancing-School since I was here, yet I do all so bunglingly, he'll discover me. [*aside to* Hipp.

Hipp. Try, come take my hand, Master.

Caut. Look you, Brother, the impudent Harletry gives him her hand.

Don.

Don. Can he dance with her without holding her by the hand?

Hipp. Here take my hand, Master.

Ger. I wish it were for for good and all. [*aside to her.*

Hipp. You Dancing-masters are always so hasty, so nimble.

Don. Voto a St. *Jago*, not that I can see, about, about with her, man.

Ger. Indeed, Sir, I cannot about with her as I wou'd do, unless you will please to go out a little, Sir; for I see she is bashful still before you, Sir.

Don. Hey, hey, more fooling yet, come, come, about with her.

Hipp. Nay, indeed, Father, I am asham'd and cannot help it.

Don. But you shall help it, for I will not stir: move her, I say, begin Huffie, move when he'll have you.

Prv. I cannot but laugh at that, ha, ha, ha. [*aside.*

Ger. Come then, Madam, since it must be so let us try, but I shall discover all, One, two, and Coupee. [*apart to* Hipp.

Cast. Nay de' see how he squeezes her hand, Brother, O the lewd Villain!

Don. Come, move, I say, and mind her not.

Ger. One, two, three, four, and turn round.

Cast. De' see again he took her by the bare Arm.

Don. Come, move on, she's mad.

Ger. One, two, and a Coupee.

Don. Come.

One, two, turn out your Toes.

Cast. There, there, he pinch'd her by the Thigh, will you suffer it?

Ger. One, two, three, and fall back.

Don. Fall back, fall back, back, some of you are forward enough to back.

Ger. Back, Madam.

Don. Fall back when he bids you, Huffie.

Cast. How! how! fall back, fall back, marry, but she shall not fall back when he bids her.

Don. I say she shall, Hussie, come.

Ger. She will, she will, I warrant you, Sir, if you won't be angry with her.

Cant. Do you know what he means by that now, you a *Spaniard*?

Don. How's that, I not a *Spaniard*? say such a word again.

Ger. Come forward, Madam, three steps agen.

Cant. See, see, she squeezes his hand now, O the debauch'd Harletry!

Don. So, so, mind her not, she moves forward pretty well; but you must move as well backward as forward, or you'll never do any thing to purpose.

Cant. Do you know what you say, Brother, your self now? are you at your beastliness before your young Daughter?

Pru. Ha, ha, ha.

Don. How now, Mistress, are you so merry? is this your staid Maid as you call her, Sister impertment?

Ger. I have not much to say to you, Mis; but I shall not have an opportunity to do it, unless we can get your Father out. [*aside to* Hipp.

Don. Come about agen with her.

Cant. Look you, there she squeezes his hand hard again.

Hipp. Indeed and indeed, Father, my Aunt puts me quite out, I cannot dance while she looks on for my heart, she makes me asham'd and afraid together.

Ger. Indeed if you wou'd please to take her out, Sir, I am sure I shou'd make my Scholar do better, than when you are present, Sir, pray, Sir, be pleased for this time to take her away; for the next time I hope I shall order it so, we shall trouble neither of you.

Cant. No, no, Brother, stir not, they have a mind to be left alone. Come, there's a beastly Trick in't: he's no Dancing-master I tell you.

Ger. Dam'd Jade, she'll discover us. [*aside to* Hipp.

Don. What will you teach me? nay then I will go out, and you shall go out too, look you.

Cant. I will not go out, look you.

Don. Come, come, thou art a sensorious wicked Woman, and you shall disturb them no longer.

Cant. What will you bawd for your Daughter?

Don. Ay, ay, come go out, out, out.

Caut. I will not go out, I will not go out, my conscience will not suffer me; for I know by experience what will follow.

Ger. I warraht you, Sir, we'll make good use of our time when you are gone.

Caut. Do you hear him again, don't you know what he means? [*Ex.* Don *thrusting* Caution *out.*

Hipp. 'Tis very well, you are a fine Gentleman to abuse my poor Father so.

Ger. 'Tis but by your Example, Miss.

Hipp. Well I am his Daughter, and may make the bolder with him, I hope.

Ger. And I am his Son-in-law, that shall be; and therefore may claim my Priviledge too of making bold with him, I hope.

Hipp. Methinks you shou'd be contented in making bold with his Daughter; for you have made very bold with her, sure.

Ger. I hope I shall make bolder with her yet.

Hipp. I do not doubt your confidence, for you are a Dancing-master.

Ger. Why, Miss? I hope you wou'd not have me a fine senseless Whining, modest Lover; for modesty in a man is as ill as the want of it in a Woman.

Hipp. I thank you for that, Sir, now you have made bold with me indeed; but if I am such a confident Piece, I am sure you made me so; if you had not had the confidence to come in at the Window, I had not had the confidence to look upon a man; I am sure I cou'd not look upon a man before.

Ger. But that I humbly conceive, sweet Miss, was your Fathers fault, because you had not a man to look upon. But, dearest Miss, I do not think you confident, you are only innocent; for that which wou'd be called confidence, nay impudence in a Woman of years, is called innocency in one of your age; and the more impudent you appear, the more innocent you are thought.

Hipp. Say you so! has Youth such Priviledges? I do not wonder then most Women seem impudent, since it is to be thought younger than they are it seems; but indeed, Master you

are as great an Encourager of impudence I see, as if you were a Dancing-master in good earnest.

Ger. Yes, yes, a young thing may do any thing, may leap out of the Window, and go away with her Dancing-master, if she please.

Hipp. So, so, the use follows the Doctrine very suddenly.

Ger. Well, Dearest, pray let us make the use we shou'd of it, lest your Father shou'd make too bold with us, and come in before we wou'd have him.

Hipp. Indeed old Relations are apt to take that ill-bred freedom of pressing into young Company at unseasonable hours.

Ger. Come, dear Miss, let me tell you how I have design'd matters; for in talking of any thing else we lose time and opportunity: people abroad indeed say the *English* Women are the worst in the World in using an opportunity, they love tittle tattle and Ceremony.

Hipp. 'Tis because I warrant opportunities are not so scarce here as abroad, they have more here than they can use; but let people abroad say what they will of *English* Women, because they do not know 'em, but what say people at home?

Ger. Pretty Innocent, ha, ha, ha. Well I say you will not make use of your opportunity.

Hipp. I say you have no reason to say so yet.

Ger. Well, then anon at nine of the Clock at night I'le try you; for I have already bespoke a Parson, and have taken up the three back Rooms of the Tavern, which front upon the Gallery-window, that no body may see us escape, and I have appointed (precisely betwixt eight and nine of the Clock when it is dark) a Coach and Six to wait at the Tavern-door for us.

Hipp. A Coach and Six, a Coach and Six, do you say? nay then I see you are resolv'd to carry me away; for a Coach and Six, though there were not a man but the Coach-man with it, wou'd carry away any young Girl of my Age in *England*, a Coach and Six!

Ger. Then you will be sure to be ready to go with me.

Hipp. What young Woman of the Town cou'd ever say no to a Coach and Six, unless it were going into the Country:

a Coach

a Coach and Six, 'tis not in the power of fourteen year old to resist it.

Ger. You will be sure to be ready?

Hipp. You are sure 'tis a Coach and Six?

Ger. I warrant you, Miss.

Hipp. I warrant you then they'll carry us merrily away: a Coach and Six?

Ger. But have you charm'd your Cousin the *Monsieur* (as you said you wou'd) that he in the mean time say nothing to prevent us?

Hipp. I warrant you.

Enter to 'em Don Diego *and Mrs.* Caution *pressing in.*

Caut. I will come in.

Don. Well, I hope by this time you have given her full instructions, you have told her what and how to do, you have done all.

Ger. We have just done indeed, Sir.

Hipp. Ay, Sir, we have just done, Sir.

Caut. And I fear just undone, Sir.

Ger. De' hear that dam'd Witch. [*aside to* Hipp.

Don. Come leave your censorious prating, thou hast been a false right Woman thy self in thy Youth, I warrant you.

Caut. I right! I right! I scorn your words, I'de have you to know, and 'tis well known. I right! no 'tis your dainty Minx, that Jillflirt your Daughter here that is right, do you see how her Hankerchief is ruffled, and what a heat she's in?

Don. She has been dancing.

Caut. Ay, ay, *Adam* and *Eves* Dance, or the beginning of the World, de' see how she pants?

Don. She has not been us'd to motion.

Caut. Motion, motion, motion de' call it? no indeed, I kept her from motion till now, motion with a vengeance.

Don. You put the poor bashful Girl to the blush, you see, hold your peace.

Caut. 'Tis her guilt, not her modesty, marry.

Don. Come, come, mind her not, Child, come, Master, let me see her dance now the whole Dance roundly together, come sing to her.

Ger.

Ger. Faith, we shall be discovered after all, you know I cannot sing a Note, Miss. [*aside to* Hipp.

Don. Come, come, man.

Hipp. Indeed, Father, my Master's in haste now, pray let it alone till anon at night, when you say he is to come again, and then you shall see me dance it to the Violin, pray stay till then, Father.

Don. I will not be put off so, come begin.

Hipp. Pray, Father.

Don. Come, sing to her, come begin.

Ger. Pray, Sir, excuse me till anon, I am in some haste.

Don. I say begin, I will not excuse you, come take her by the hand, and about with her.

Cant. I say he shall not take her by the hand, he shall touch her no more; while I am here there shall be no more squeesing and tickling her palm, good Mr. Dancing master, stand off.

[*Thrusts* Ger. *away.*

Don. Get you out, Mrs. *Impertinence*, take her by the hand, I say.

Cant. Stand off, I say, he shall not touch her, he has touch'd her too much already.

Don. If patience were not a *Spanish* Vertue, I wou'd lay it aside now. I say let 'em dance.

Cant. I say they shall not dance.

Hipp. Pray, Father, since you see my Aunts obstinacy, let us alone till anon, when you may keep her out.

Don. Well then, Friend, do not fail to come.

Hipp. Nay, if he fail me at last.

Don. Be sure you come, for she's to be marry'd to morrow, do you know it?

Ger. Yes, yes, Sir, sweet Scholar, your humble Servant, till night, and think in the mean time of the instructions I have given you, that you may be the readier when I come.

Don. I, Girl, be sure you do, and do you be sure to come.

Cant. You need not be so concern'd, he'll be sure to come, I warrant you; but if I cou'd help it, he shou'd never set foot agen in the house.

Don. You wou'd frighten the poor Dancing-master from the house;

house; but be sure you come for all her.

Ger. Yes, Sir.
But this Jade will pay me when I am gone. [*aside.*

Caut. Hold, hold, Sir, I must let you out, and I wish I cou'd keep you out. He a Dancing-master, he's a Chouce, a Cheat, a meer Cheat, and that you'll find.

Don. I find any man a Cheat! I cheated by any man! I scorn your words, I that have so much *spanish* Care, Circumspection, and Prudence, cheated by a man: do you think I who have been in *Spain*, look you, and have kept up my Daughter a twelve-month, for fear of being cheated of her, look you? I cheated of her!

Caut. Well, say no more.

[*Exeunt* Don, Hipp. Caut. *and* Prue.

Ger. Well, old Formality, if you had not kept up your Daughter, I am sure I had never cheated you of her. [*aside.*

The wary Fool is by his care betray'd,
As Cuckolds by their Jealousie are made. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Monsieur de Paris *without a Perruque with a* Spanish *Hat, a* Spanish *Doublet, Stockins, and Shooes, but in Pantaloons, a Waste-Belt, and a* Spanish *Dagger in't, and a Crevat about his Neck.*

Enter Hippolita *and* Prue *behind laughing.*

Monsi. TO see wat a Fool Love do make of one, Jernie. It do metamorphose de brave man into de Beast, de Sotte, de Animal.

Hipp. Ha, ha, ha.

Monsi. Nay, you may laugh, 'tis ver vel, I am become as ridicule for you as can be, mort-bleu. I have deform my self into an ugly *Spaniard.*

Hipp.

Hipp. Why, do you call this disguising your self like a *Spaniard* while you wear Pantalloons still and the Crevat.

Monsr. But is here not the double Doublet and the *Spanish* Dagger aussy.

Hipp. But 'tis as long as the *French* Sword, and worn like it. But where's your *Spanish* Beard, the thing of most consequence?

Monsr. Jernie, do you tink Beards are as easie to be had as in de Play-houses, non; but if here be no the ugly-long-*Spanish* Beard, here are, I am certain, the ugly-long-*Spanish* Ear.

Hipp. That's very true, ha, ha, ha.

Monsr. Auh de ingrate! dat de Woman is, when we poor men are your Gallants you laugh at us your selves, and wen we are your Husband, you make all the Warld laugh at us, Jernie. Love, dam Love, it make the man more redicule than poverty Poetry, or a new Title of Honour, Jernie.

Enter Don Diego *and* Caution.

Don. What at your Jernies still? voto.

Monsr. Why, Oncle, you are at your voto's still.

Don. Nay, I'le allow you to be at your voto's too, but not to make the incongruous Match of *Spanish* Doublet and *French* Pantalloons. [*Holding his Hat before his Pantalloons.*

Monsr. Nay, pray dear Oncle, let me unite *France* and *Spain*, 'tis the Mode of *France* now, Jernie, voto.

Don. Well, I see I must pronounce, I told you, if you were not dresst in the *Spanish* Habit to night, you shou'd not marry my Daughter to morrow, look you.

Monsr. Well, am I not habilice in de *Spanish* Habit, my Doublet, Ear, and Hat, Leg and Feet are *Spanish*, that dey are.

Don. I told you I was a *Spanish* Positivo, voto.

Monsr. Vil you not spare my Pantalloon (begar) I will give you one little finger to excuse my Pantalloon, da——

Don. I have said, look you.

Monsr. Auh chere Pantalloons, speak for my Pantalloons, Cousin, my poor Pantalloons are as dear to me as de Scarff to de Countree Capitaine, or de new made Officer; therefore have

have de compaſſion for my Pantaloons, *Don Diego*, mon Oncle, helas, helas, helas. [*Kneels to* Don.

Don. I have ſaid, look you, your Dreſs muſt be *Spaniſh*, and your Language *Engliſh*, I am uno Poſitivo.

Monſ. And muſt ſpeak baſe good *Engliſh* too, ah la pitiee, helas.

Don. It muſt be done, and I will ſee this great change 'ere it be dark, voto—— your time is not long, look to't, look you.

Monſ. Helas, helas, helas, dat *Eſpaigne* ſhou'd conquer la *France* in *England*, helas, helas, helas. [*Exit* Monſieur.

Don. You ſee what pains I take to make him the more agreeable to you, Daughter.

Hipp. But indeed and indeed, Father, you waſh the Black-a-more white, in endeavouring to make a *Spaniard* of a *Monſieur*, nay an *Engliſh Monſieur* too, conſider that, Father; for when once they have taken the *French* plie (as they call it) they are never to be made ſo much as *Engliſh* men again, I have heard ſay.

Don. What, I warrant, you are like the reſt of the young ſilly Baggages of *England*, that like nothing but what is *French*. You wou'd not have him reform'd, you wou'd have a *Monſieur* to your Huſband, wou'd you, Querno?

Hipp. No indeed, Father, I wou'd not have a *Monſieur* to my Huſband, not I indeed, and I am ſure you'll never make my Couſin otherwiſe.

Don. I warrant you.

Hipp. You can't, you can't, indeed Father: and you have ſworn, you know, he ſhall never have me, if he does not leave off his Monſieurſhip. Now as I told you, 'tis as hard for him to ceaſe being a *Monſieur*, as 'tis for you to break a *Spaniſh* Oath, ſo that I am not in any great danger of having a *Monſieur* to my Huſband.

Don. Well; but you ſhall have him for your Huſband, look you.

Hipp. Then you will break your *Spaniſh* Oath.

Don. No, I will break him of his *French* Tricks, and you ſhall have him for your Huſband, Querno.

Hipp. Indeed and indeed, Father, I shall not have him.

Don. Indeed you shall, Daughter.

Hipp. Well, you shall see, Father.

Cant. No I warrant you, she will not have him, she'll have her Dancing-master rather: I know her meaning, I understand her.

Don. Thou malicious foolish Woman, you understand her! but I do understand her, she says I will not break my Oath, nor be his *French* Customs, so through our difference she thinks she shall not have him, but she shall.

Hipp. But I shan't.

Cant. I know she will not have him, because she hates him.

Don. I tell you, if she does hate him, 'tis a sign she will have him for her Husband; for 'tis not one of a thousand that marries the man she loves, look you. Besides, 'tis all one whether she loves him now or not; for as soon as she's marry'd, she'd be sure to hate him: that's the reason we wise *Spaniards* are jealous and only expecte, nay will be sure our Wives shall fear us, look you.

Hipp. Pray, good Father and Aunt, do not dispute about nothing, for I am sure he will never be my Husband to hate.

Cant. I am of your opinion indeed, I understand you, I can see as far as another.

Don. You, you cannot see so much as through your Spectacles, but I understand her, 'tis her meer desire to Marriage makes her say she shall not have him; for your poor young things when they are once in the teens, think they shall never be marry'd.

Hipp. Well, Father, think you what you will, but I know what I think.

Enter Monsieur *in the* Spanish *Habit entire only with a Crevat, and follow'd by the little Black-a-more with a Golilia in his hand.*

Don. Come, did not I tell you, you shou'd have him, look you there, he has comply'd with me, and is a perfect *Spaniard.*

Monsi. Ay, ay, I am ugly Rogue enough, now sure, for my Cousin; but 'tis your Father's fault, Cousin, that you han't the hand-

handsomest best dress'd man in the Nation, a man bein mise.

Don. Yet agen at your *French*? and a Crevat on still (voto a St. *Jago*) off, off with it.

Monsr. Nay I will ever hereafter speak clownish good *English*, do but spare me my Crevat.

Don. I am uno Positivo, look you.

Monsr. Let me not put on that *spanish* yoke, but spare me my Crevat; for I love Crevat furiesment.

Don. Agen at your Furiesments!

Monsr. Indeed I have forgot my self, but have some mercy.

[*Kneels.*

Don. Off, off, off with it I say, come refuse the Ornamento principal of the *spanish* Habit.

[*Takes him by the Crevat, pulls it off, and the Black puts on the Golilia.*

Monsr. Will you have no mercy, no pity, alas, alas, alas, Oh I had rather put on the *English* Pillory than this *Spanish* Golilia, for 'twill be all a case I'm sure; for when I go abroad, I shall soon have a Crowd of Boys about me, peppering me with rotten Eggs and Turneps, helas, helas. [Don *puts on the Golilia.*

Don. Helas again?

Monsr. Alas, alas, alas.

Hipp. } I shall dye; }
Pru. } I shall burst, } ha, ha, ha.

Monsr. Ay, ay, you see what I am come to for your sake, Cousin, and Uncle, pray take notice how ridiculous I am grown to my Cousin that loves me above all the World? she can no more forbear laughing at me, I vow and swear, than if I were as arrant a *Spaniard* as your self.

Don. Be a *Spaniard* like me, and ne're think people laugh at you: there was never a *Spaniard* that thought any one laugh'd at him; but what do you laugh at a Golilia, Baggage? Come, Sirrah-Black, now do you teach him to walk with the verdadero gesto, gracia, and Gravidad of a true *Castilian.*

Monsr. Must I have my Dancing-master too? come little Master then, lead on.

[Black *struts about the Stage, the* Monsieur *follows him, imitating awkardly all he does.*

Don. Malo, malo, with your Hat on your Pole, as if it hung upon a Pin; the *French* and *Engliſh* wear their Hats, as if their Horns would not ſuffer 'em to come over their Foreheads, voto——

Monſ. 'Tis true, there are ſome well-bred Gentlemen have ſo much Reverence for their Perruque, that they wou'd refuſe to be Grandees of your *Spain*, for fear of putting on their Hats, I vow and ſwear.

Don. Come, Black, teach him now to make a *Spaniſh* Leg.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, your *Spaniſh* Leg is an *Engliſh* Courtſie, I vow and ſwear, hah, hah, ha.

Don. Well, the Hood does not make the Monk, the Aſs was an Aſs ſtill, though he had the Lyons Skin on; this will be a light *French* Fool, in ſpight of the grave *Spaniſh* Habit, look you. But, Black, do what you can, make the moſt of him, walk him about.

Pru. Here are the people, Sir, you ſent to ſpeak with about Proviſions for the Wedding, and here are your Cloaths brought home too, Miſtreſs. [Prue *goes to the door, and returns.*

Don. Well, I come, Black, do what you can with him, walk him about.

Monſ. Indeed, Uncle, if I were as you, I would not have the grave *Spaniſh* Habit ſo traveſty'd, I ſhall diſgrace it and my little Black Maſter too, I vow and ſwear.

Don. Learn, learn of him, improve your ſelf by him, and do you walk him, walk him about ſoundly. Come, Siſter and Daughter, I muſt have your Judgments, though I ſhall not need 'em, look you, walk him, ſee you walk him.

[*Ex.* Don, Hipp. *and* Caution.

Monſ. Jernie, he does not only make a *Spaniard* of me, but a *Spaniſh* Jennit, in giving me to his Lacquey to walk; but come a long, little Maſter.

[*The Black inſtructs the* Monſieur *on one ſide of the Stage,* Prue *ſtanding on the other.*

Pru. O the unfortunate condition of us poor Chamber-maids, who have all the carking and caring, the watching and ſitting up, the trouble and danger of our Miſtreſſes Intrigues! whilſt they go away with all the pleaſure; and if they can get their man

man in a corner, 'tis well enough, they ne're think of the poor watchful Chamber-maid, who ſits knocking her heels in the cold, for want of better exerciſe in ſome melancholy Lobby or Entry, when ſhe cou'd imploy her time every whit as well as her Miſtreſs for all her Quality, if ſhe were but put to't. [*aſide.*

Black. Hold up your head, hold up your head, Sir, a ſtooping *Spaniard*, Malo.

Monſ. True, a *Spaniard* ſcorns to look upon the ground.

Pru. We can ſhift for our Miſtreſſes, and not for our ſelves, mine has got a handſom proper Young-man, and is juſt going to make the moſt of him, whilſt I muſt be left in the Lurch here with a Couple of ugly little Black-a-more Boys in Bonets and an old wither'd *Spaniſh* Eunuch, not a Servant elſe in the houſe, nor have I hopes of any comfortable Society at all. [*aſide.*

Black. Now let me ſee you make your Viſit-Leg thus.

Monſ. Auh, teſte non, ha, ha, ha.

Black. What, a *Spaniard* and laugh aloud! no; if you laugh thus only ſo—— now your Salutation in the ſtreet as you paſs by your Acquaintance, look you, thus—— if to a Woman, thus, putting your Hat upon your heart; if to a man, thus with a nod, ſo—— but frown a little more, frown.

But if to a Woman you wou'd be very cere- Monſ. *imitating*
monious too, thus—ſo—your Neck nearer your *the Black.*
ſhoulder, ſo— Now if you wou'd ſpeak con-
temptibly of any man or thing, do thus with your hand——
ſo—— and ſhrug up your ſhoulders, till they hide your Ears. Now walk agen.

[*The* Black *and the* Monſieur *walk off the Stage.*

Pru. All my hopes are in that Coxcomb there; I muſt take up with my Miſtreſs's leavings, though we Chamber-maids are wont to be before-hand with them: but he is the dulleſt, modeſteſt Fool, for a Frenchifi'd Fool, as ever I ſaw; for no body cou'd be more coming to him than I have been (though I ſay it) and yet I am ne're the nearer. I have ſtollen away his Hankerchief, and told him of it, and yet he wou'd never ſo much as ſtruggle with me to get again. I have pull'd off his Perruque, unty'd his Ribbons, and have been very bold with him,

him, yet he would never be so with me; nay, I have pinch'd him, punch'd him, and tickl'd him, and yet he would never do the like for me. [*The* Black *and* Monsieur *return.*

Black. Nay, thus, thus, Sir.

Pru. And to make my person more acceptable to him, I have us'd Art, as they say; for every night since he came, I have worn the Forehead-piece of Bees-wax and Hogs-grease, and every morning wash'd with Butter-milk and wild Tansie, and have put on every day for his only sake my Sunday's Bowdy-Stockins, and have new chalk'd my Shoos, and constantly as the morning came; nay, I have taken an occasion to garter my Stockins before him, as if unawares of him; for a good Leg and Foot, with good Shoos and Stockins, are very provoking, as they say, but the Devil a bit wou'd he be provok'd; but I must think of a way.

Black. Thus, thus.

Monsr. What so— well, well, I have Lessons enow for this time. Little Master, I will have no more, lest the multiplicity of 'em make me forget 'em, da——

Prue, art thou there, and so pensive? what art thou? thinking of?

Pru. Indeed I am asham'd to tell your Worship.

Monsr. What asham'd! wer't thou thinking then of my beastliness? ha, ha, ha.

Pru. Nay, then I am forc'd to tell your Worship in my own vindication.

Monsr. Come then.

Pru. But indeed your Worship—— I'm asham'd that I am, though it was nothing but of a dream I had of your sweet Worship last night.

Monsr. Of my sweet Worship! I warrant it was a sweet dream then, what was it? ha, ha, ha.

Pru. Nay, indeed I have told your Worship enough already, you may guess the rest.

Monsr. I cannot guess, ha, ha, ha, what shou'd it be? prethee let's know the rest.

Pru. Wou'd you have me so impudent?

Monsr. Impudent! ha, ha, ha, nay prethee tell me, for I can't guess, da——

Pru.

Prue. Nay, 'tis always so; for want of the mens guessing, the poor Women are forc'd to be impudent, but I am still asham'd.

Monsr. I will know it, speak.

Prue. Why then methoughts last night you came up into my Chamber in your Shirt, when I was in Bed, and that you might easily do; for I have ne're a Lock to my door: now I warrant I am as red as my Petticoat.

Monsr. No, thou'rt as yellow as e're thou wert.

Prue. Yellow, Sir!

Monsr. Ay, ay; but let's hear the Dream out.

Prue. Why, can't you guess the rest now?

Monsr. No not I, I vow and swear, come let's hear.

Prue. But can't you guess in earnest?

Monsr. Not I, the Devil eat me.

Prue. Not guess yet! why then methoughts you came to bed to me? Now am I as read as my Petticoat again.

Monsr. Ha, ha, ha, well, and what then? ha, ha, ha.

Prue. Nay, now I know by your Worship's laughing, you guess what you did: I'm sure I cry'd out, and wak'd all in tears, with these words in my mouth, You have undone me, you have undone me! your Worship has undone me.

Monsr. Hah, ha, ha; but you wak'd and found it was but a Dream.

Prue. Indeed it was so lively, I know not whether 'twas a Dream or no: but if you were not there, I'le undertake you may come when you will, and do any thing to me you will, I sleep so fast.

Monsr. No, no, I don't believe that.

Prue. Indeed you may, your Worship——

Monsr. It cannot be.

Prue. Insensible Beast! he will not understand me yet, and one wou'd think I speak plain enough. [*aside.*

Monsr. Well, but *Prue*, what art thou thinking of?

Prue. Of the Dream, whether it were a Dream or no.

Monsr. 'Twas a Dream I warrant thee.

Prue. Was it? I am hugeous glad it was a Dream.

Monsr. Ay, ay, it was a Dream; and I am hugeous glad it was a Dream too.

Prue.

Pru. But now I have told your Worſhip, my door hath neither Lock nor Latch to it: if you ſhou'd be ſo naughty as to come one night, and prove the dream true—— I am ſo afraid on't.

Monſ. Ne're fear it, dreams go by the contraries.

Pru. Then by that I ſhould come into your Worſhip's Chamber, and come to bed to your Worſhip. Now am I as red as my Petticoat again, I warrant.

Monſ. No, thou art no redder than a Brick unburnt, *Prue.*

Pru. But if I ſhou'd do ſuch a trick in my ſleep, your Worſhip wou'd not cenſure a poor harmleſs Maid, I hope; for I am apt to walk in my ſleep.

Monſ. Well then, *Prue*, becauſe thou ſhalt not ſhame thy ſelf (poor Wench) I'le be ſure to lock my door every night faſt.

Pru. So, ſo, this way I find will not do, I muſt come roundly and down-right to the buſ'neſs, like other Women, or——

Enter Gerrard.

Monſ. O the Dancing-maſter!

Pru. Dear Sir, I have ſomething to ſay to you in your Ear, which I am aſham'd to ſpeak aloud.

Monſ. Another time, another time, *Prue*, but now go call your Miſtreſs to her Dancing-maſter, go, go.

Pru. Nay, pray hear me, Sir, firſt.

Monſ. Another time, another time, *Prue*, prethee be gone.

Pru. Nay, I beſeech your Worſhip hear me.

Monſ. No, prethee be gone.

Pru. Nay, I am e'en well enough ſerv'd for not ſpeaking my mind when I had an opportunity. Well, I muſt be playing the modeſt Woman, forſooth; a Womans hypocriſie in this caſe does only deceive her ſelf. [*Exit* Prue.

Monſ. O the brave Dancing-maſter, the fine Dancing-maſter, your Servant, your Servant.

Ger. Your Servant, Sir, I proteſt I did not know you at firſt. I am afraid this Fool ſhou'd ſpoil all, notwithſtanding *Hippolita's* care and management, yet I ought to truſt her; but a Secret is more ſafe with a treacherous Knave than a talkative Fool. [*aſide.*

Monſ.

Monſ. Come, Sir, you muſt know a little Brother Dancing-maſter of yours, Walking-maſter I ſhou'd have ſaid; for he teaches me to walk and make Legs by the by: Pray know him, Sir, ſalute him, Sir; you Chriſtian Dancing-maſters are ſo proud.

Ger. But, Monſieur, what ſtrange Metamorphoſis is this? you look like a *Spaniard*, and talk like an *Engliſh*-man again, which I thought had been impoſſible.

Monſ. Nothing impoſſible to Love; I muſt do't, or loſe my Miſtreſs your pretty Scholar, for 'tis I am to have her; you may remember I told you ſhe was to be marry'd to a great man, a man of Honour and Quality.

Ger. But does ſhe enjoyn you to this ſevere penance, ſuch I am ſure it is to you.

Monſ. No, no, 'tis by the compulſion of the ſtarch'd Fop her Father, who is ſo arrant a *Spaniard*, he wou'd kill you and his Daughter, if he knew who you were; therefore have a ſpecial care to diſſemble well. [*draws him aſide.*

Ger. I warrant you.

Monſ. Dear *Gerrard*, go little Maſter and call my Couſin, tell her, her Dancing-maſter is here. [*Exit* Black. I ſay, dear *Gerrard*, faith I'm obliged to you for the trouble you have had: when I ſent you, I intended a Jeſt indeed, but did not think it wou'd have been ſo dangerous a Jeſt; therefore pray forgive me.

Ger. I do, do heartily forgive you.

Monſ. But can you forgive me, for ſending you at firſt, like a Fool as I was, 'twas ill done of me; can you forgive me?

Ger. Yes, yes, I do forgive you.

Monſ. Well, thou art a generous man, I vow and ſwear, to come and take upon you this trouble, danger, and ſhame, to be thought a paltry Dancing-maſter, and all this to preſerve a Ladies honour and life, who intended to abuſe you; but I take the obligation upon me.

Ger. Piſh, piſh, you are not obliged to me at all.

Monſ. Faith but I am ſtrangely obliged to you.

Ger. Faith but you are not.

Monſ. I vow and ſwear but I am.

Ger. I swear you are not.

Monſ. Nay, thou art ſo generous a Dancing-maſter—— ha, ha, ha.

Enter Don Diego, Hippolita, Caution, *and* Prue.

Don. You ſhall not come in, Siſter.

Caut. I will come in.

Don. You will not be civil.

Caut. I'm ſure they will not be civil, if I do not come in, I muſt, I will.

Don. Well, honeſt Friend, you are very punctual, which is a rare Vertue in a Dancing-maſter, I take notice of it, and will remember it, I will, look you.

Monſ. So ſilly-damn'd-politick *Spaniſh* Uncle, ha, ha, ha. [*aſide.*

Ger. My fine Scholar, Sir, there, ſhall never have reaſon (as I told you) Sir, to ſay I am not a punctual man, for I am more her Servant than to any Scholar I ever had.

Monſ. Well ſaid, i'faith, thou doſt make a pretty Fool of him, I vow and ſwear; but I wonder people can be made ſuch Fools of, ha, ha, ha. [*aſide.*

Hipp. Well, Maſter, I thank you, and I hope I ſhall be a grateful kind Scholar to you.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, cunning little Jilt, what a Fool ſhe makes of him too: I wonder people can be made ſuch Fools of, I vow and ſwear, ha, ha, ha. [*aſide.*

Hipp. Indeed it ſhall go hard but I'le be a grateful kind Scholar to you.

Caut. As kind as ever your Mother was to your Father, I warrant.

Don. How; agen with your ſenſeleſs ſuſpicions.

Monſ. Piſh, piſh, Aunt, ha, ha, ha, ſhe's a Fool another way; ſhe thinks ſhe loves him, ha, ha, ha. Lord, that people ſhou'd be ſuch Fools! [*aſide.*

Caut. Come, come, I cannot but ſpeak, I tell you beware in time; for he is no Dancing-maſter, but ſome debauch'd perſon who will mump you of your Daughter.

Don. Will you be wiſer than I ſtill? Mump me of my Daugh-

ter! I wou'd I cou'd see any one mump me of my Daughter.

Cant. And mump you of your Mistress too, young *Spaniard.*

Monsf. Ha, ha, ha, will you be wiser than I too, voto. Mump me of my Mistress! I wou'd I cou'd see any one mump me of my Mistress. [*To* Caution.

I am afraid this dam'd old Aunt shou'd discover us, I vow and swear; be careful therefore and resolute.

[*aside to* Ger. *and* Hipp.

Cant. He, he does not go about his bus'ness like a Dancing-master, he'll ne're teach her to dance, but he'll teach her no goodness soon enough I warrant: he a Dancing-master!

Monsf. I, the Devil eat me, if he be not the best Dancing-master in *England* now. Was not that well said, Cousin? was it not? for he's a Gentleman Dancing-master, you know.

[*aside to* Ger. *and* Hipp.

Don. You know him, Cousin, very well, Cousin, you sent him to my Daughter?

Monsf. Yes, yes, Uncle, know him.

We'll ne're be discovered, I warrant, ha, ha, ha. [*aside.*

Cant. But will you be made a Fool of too?

Monsf. Ay, ay, Aunt, ne're trouble your self.

Don. Come, Friend, about your bus'ness, about with my Daughter.

Hipp. Nay, pray, Father, be pleas'd to go out a little, and let us but practise a while, and then you shall see me dance the whole Dance to the Violin.

Don. Tittle, tattle, more fooling still! did not you say when your Master was here last, I shou'd see you dance to the Violin when he came agen.

Hipp. So I did, Father; but let me practise a little first before, that I may be perfect. Besides, my Aunt is here, and she will put me out, you know I cannot dance before her.

Don. Fidle, fadle.

Monsf. They're afraid to be discovered by *Gerard*: bungling, I see. Come, come, Uncle, turn out, let 'em practise. [*aside.*

Don. I won't (voto a St. *Jago*) what a fooling's here?

Monsf. Come, come, let 'em practise, turn out, turn out, Uncle.

Don. Why, can't ſhe practiſe it before me?

Monſ. Come, Dancers and Singers are ſometimes humorſom; beſides, 'twill be more grateful to you, to ſee it danc'd all at once to the Violin. Come, turn out, turn out, I ſay.

Don. What a fooling's here ſtill amongſt you, voto?

Monſ. So there he is with you, voto, turn out, turn out, I vow and ſwear you ſhall turn out. [*Takes him by the ſhoulder.*

Don. Well, ſhall I ſee her dance it to the Violin at laſt?

Ger. Yes, yes, Sir, what do you think I teach her for?

[*Exit* Don.

Monſ. Go, go, turn out, and you too, Aunt.

Caut. Seriouſly, Nephew, I ſhall not budge, royally I ſhall not.

Monſ. Royally you muſt, Aunt, come.

Caut. Pray hear me, Nephew.

Monſ. I will not hear you.

Caut. 'Tis for your ſake I ſtay, I muſt not ſuffer you to be wrong'd.

Monſ. Come, no wheedling, Aunt, come away.

Caut. That ſlippery Fellow will do't.

Monſ. Let him do't.

Caut. Indeed he will do't, royally he will.

Monſ. Well let him do't, royally.

Caut. He will wrong you.

Monſ. Well, let him, I ſay, I have a mind to be wrong'd, what's that to you, I will be wrong'd, if you go thereto, I vow and ſwear.

Caut. You ſhall not be wrong'd.

Monſ. I will.

Caut. You ſhall not. [Don *returns.*

Don. What's the matter? won't ſhe be rul'd? come, come away, you ſhall not diſturb 'em.

[Don *and* Monſieur *thruſt* Caution *out.*

Caut. De' ſee how they laugh at you both, well, go to, the Troth-telling *Trojan* Gentlewoman of old was ne're believ'd, till the Town was taken, rumag'd, and ranſak'd, even, even ſo—

[*Exit* Caution.

Monſ. Hah, hah, ha, turn out.

Lord,

Lord, that people ſhou'd be ſuch arrant Cuddens, ha, ha, ha; but I may ſtay, may I not?

Hipp. No, no, I'de have you go out and hold the door, Couſin, or elſe my Father will come in agen before his time.

Monſ. I will, I will then, ſweet Couſin, 'twas well thought on, that was well thought on indeed for me to hold the door.

Hipp. But be ſure you keep him out, Couſin, till we knock.

Monſ. I warrant you, Couſin, Lord, that people ſhou'd be made ſuch Fools of, ha, ha, ha. [*Exit* Monſieur.

Ger. So, ſo, to make him hold the door, while I ſteal his Miſtreſs is not unpleaſant.

Hipp. Ay, but wou'd you do ſo ill a thing, ſo treacherous a thing? faith 'tis not well.

Ger. Faith I can't help it. Since 'tis for your ſake, come, Sweeteſt, is not this our way into the Gallery?

Hipp. Yes, but it goes againſt my Conſcience to be acceſſary to ſo ill a thing; you ſay you do it for my ſake?

Ger. Alas, poor Miſs! 'tis not againſt your Conſcience, but againſt your modeſty, you think to do it franckly.

Hipp. Nay, if it be againſt my modeſty too, I can't do it indeed.

Ger. Come, come, Miſs, let us make haſte, all's ready.

Hipp. Nay, faith, I can't ſatisfie my ſcruple.

Ger. Come, Deareſt, this is not a time for ſcruples nor modeſty; modeſty between Lovers is as impertinent as Ceremony between Friends, and modeſty is now as unſeaſonable as on the Wedding night: come away, my Deareſt.

Hipp. Whither?

Ger. Nay ſure, we have loſt too much time already: Is that a proper Queſtion now? if you wou'd know, come along, for I have all ready.

Hipp. But I am not ready.

Ger. Truly, Miſs, we ſhall have your Father come in upon us, and prevent us agen, as he did in the morning.

Hipp. 'Twas well for me he did; for on my Conſcience if he had not come in, I had gone clear away with you when I was in the humour.

Ger. Come, Deareſt, you wou'd frighten me as if you were

not

not yet in the ſame humour. Come, come away, the Coach and Six is ready.

Hipp. 'Tis too late to take the Air, and I am not ready.

Ger. You were ready in the morning.

Hipp. I, ſo I was.

Ger. Come, come, Miſs, indeed the Jeſt begins to be none.

Hipp. What, I warrant you think me in jeſt then?

Ger. In jeſt, certainly; but it begins to be troubleſom.

Hipp. But, Sir, you cou'd believe I was in earneſt in the morning, when I but ſeemed to be ready to go with you; and why won't you believe me now, when I declare to the contrary? I take it unkindly, that the longer I am acquainted with you, you ſhou'd have the leſs confidence in me.

Ger. For Heaven's ſake, Miſs, loſe no more time thus, your Father will come in upon us, as he did——

Hipp. Let him, if he will.

Ger. He'll hinder our deſign.

Hipp. No, he will not, for mine is to ſtay here now.

Ger. Are you in earneſt?

Hipp. You'll find it ſo.

Ger. How! why you confeſs'd but now you wou'd have gone with me in the morning.

Hipp. I was in the humour then.

Ger. And I hope you are in the ſame ſtill, you cannot change ſo ſoon.

Hipp. Why, is it not a whole day ago?

Ger. What, are you not a day in the ſame humour?

Hipp. Lord! that you who know the Town (they ſay) ſhou'd think any Woman could be a whole day together in an humor, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Hey! this begins to be pleaſant: What, won't you go with me then after all?

Hipp. No indeed, Sir, I deſire to be excus'd.

Ger. Then you have abus'd me all this while?

Hipp. It may be ſo.

Ger. Cou'd all that ſo natural Innocency be diſſembl'd? faith it cou'd not, deareſt Miſs.

Hipp. Faith it was, dear Maſter.

Ger.

Ger. Was it, faith?

Hipp. Methinks you might believe me without an Oath: you saw I cou'd dissemble with my Father, why shou'd you think I cou'd not with you?

Ger. So young a Wheadle?

Hipp. Ay, a meer damn'd Jade I am.

Ger. And I have been abus'd, you say?

Hipp. 'Tis well you can believe it at last.

Ger. And I must never hope for you?

Hipp. Wou'd you have me abuse you again?

Ger. Then you will not go with me?

Hipp. No; but for your comfort your loss will not be great, and that you may not resent it, for once I'le be ingenuous and disabuse you; I am no Heiress, as I told you, to twelve hundred pound a year. I was only a lying Jade then, now you will part with me willingly I doubt not.

Ger. I wish I cou'd. [*Sighs.*

Hipp. Come, now I find 'tis your turn to dissemble; but men use to dissemble for money, will you dissemble for nothing?

Ger. 'Tis too late for me to dissemble.

Hipp. Don't you dissemble, faith?

Ger. Nay, this is too cruel.

Hipp. What, wou'd you take me without the twelve hundred pound a year? wou'd you be such a Fool as to steal a Woman with nothing?

Ger. I'le convince you, for you shall go with me; and since you are twelve hundred pound a year the lighter, you'll be the easier carried away. [*He takes her in his Arms, she struggles.*

Pru. What, he takes her away against her will, I find I must knock for my Master then. [*She knocks.*

Enter Don Diego *and Mrs.* Caution.

Hipp. My Father, my Father is here.

Ger. Prevented again! [*Ger. sets her down again.*

Don. What, you have done I hope now, Friend, for good and all?

Ger. Yes, yes, we have done for good and all indeed.

Don.

Don. How now! you ſeem to be out of humour, Friend.

Ger. Yes, ſo I am, I can't help it.

Caut. He's a Diſſembler in his very Throat, Brother.

Hipp. Pray do not carry things ſo as to diſcover your ſelf, if it be but for my ſake, good Maſter. [*aſide to* Ger.

Ger. She is grown impudent. [*aſide.*

Caut. See, ſee, they whiſper, Brother, to ſteal a Kiſs under a Wiſper, O the Harletry!

Don. What's the matter, Friend?

Hipp. I ſay for my ſake be in humour, and do not diſcover your ſelf, but be as patient as a Dancing-maſter ſtill. [*To* Ger.

Don. What, ſhe is wiſpering to him indeed! what's the matter? I will know it, Friend, look you.

Ger. Will you know it?

Don. Yes, I will know it.

Ger. Why, if you will know it, then ſhe wou'd not do as I wou'd have her, and whiſper'd me to deſire me not to diſcover it to you.

Don. What, Huſſy, wou'd you not do as he'd have you! I'le make you do as he'd have you.

Ger. I wiſh you wou'd.

Caut. 'Tis a lye, ſhe'll do all he'll have her do, and more too, to my knowledge.

Don. Come, tell me what 'twas then ſhe wou'd not do, come do it, Huſſy, or——

Come, take her by the hand, Friend, come, begin, let's ſee if ſhe will not do any thing now I am here.

Hipp. Come, pray be in humour, Maſter.

Ger. I cannot diſſemble like you.

Don. What, ſhe can't diſſemble already, can ſhe?

Caut. Yes but ſhe can, but 'tis with you ſhe diſſembles; for they are not fallen out, as we think, for I'le be ſworn I ſaw her juſt now give him the languiſhing Eye, as they call it, that is, the Whitings Eye, of old called the Sheeps Eye. I'le be ſworn I ſaw it with theſe two Eyes, that I did.

Hipp. You'll betray us, have a care, good Maſter. [*aſide to* Ger.

Ger. Hold your peace, I ſay, ſilly Woman.

Don. But does ſhe diſſemble already? how do you mean?

Ger.

Ger. She pretends she can't do what she shou'd do, and that she is not in humour, the common Excuse of Women for not doing what they shou'd do.

Don. Come, I'le put her in humour; dance, I say, come, about with her, Master.

Ger. I am in a pretty humour to dance. [*aside.*
I cannot fool any longer, since you have fool'd me. [*To* Hip.

Hipp. You wou'd not be so ungenerous, as to betray the Woman that hated you, I do not do that yet; for Heaven's sake for this once be more obedient to my desires than your passion.

Don. What is she humoursom still? But methinks you look your self as if you were in an ill humour; but about with her.

Ger. I am in no good Dancing humour indeed.

Enter Monsieur.

Monsr. Well, how goes the Dancing forward? what my Aunt here to disturb 'em again?

Don. Come, come. [Ger. *leads her about.*

Caut. I say stand off, thou shalt not come near, avoid, Satan, as they say.

Don. Nay then we shall have it, Nephew, hold her a little, that she may not disturb 'em, come, now away with her.

Ger. One, two, and a Coupee.
Fool'd and abus'd. [*aside.*

Caut. Wilt thou lay violent hands upon thy own natural Aunt, Wretch? [*The* Monsieur *holding* Caution.

Don. Come, about with her.

Ger. One, two, three, four, and turn round.
By such a piece of Innocency. [*aside.*

Caut. Dost thou see, Fool, how he squeezes her hand?

Monsr. That won't do, Aunt.

Hipp. Pray, Master, have patience, and let's mind our business.

Don. Why did you anger him then, Hussy, look you?

Caut. Do you see how she smiles in his face, and squeezes his hand now?

Monſ. Your Servant, Aunt, that won't do, I ſay.

Hipp. Have patience, Maſter.

Ger. I am become her ſport, one, two, three, Death, Hell, and the Devil. [*aſide.*

Don. Ay, they are three indeed; but pray have patience.

Cant. Do you ſee how ſhe leers upon him and clings to him, can you ſuffer it?

Monſ. Ay, ay.

Ger. One, two, and a ſlur; can you be ſo unconcern'd after all?

Don. What, is ſhe unconcern'd! Huſſy, mind your buſ'neſs.

Ger. One, two, three, and turn round, one, two, fall back, Hell and Damnation.

Don. Ay, people, fall back indeed into Hell and Damnation, Heav'n knows.

Ger. One, two, three, and your Honour: I can fool no longer.

Cant. Nor will I be withel'd any longer like a poor Hen in her Pen, while the Kite is carrying away her Chicken before her face.

Don. What have you done? Well then let's ſee her dance it now to the Violin.

Monſ. Ay, ay, let's ſee her dance it to the Violin.

Ger. Another time, another time.

Don. Don't you believe that, Friend; theſe Dancing-maſters make no bones of breaking their words. Did not you promiſe juſt now I ſhou'd ſee her dance it to the Violin, and that I will too, before I ſtir.

Ger. Let *Monſieur* play then while I dance with her, ſhe can't dance alone.

Monſ. I can't play at all, I'm but a Learner; but if you'll play, I'le dance with her.

Ger. I can't play neither.

Don. What a Dancing-maſter, and not play!

Cant. Ay, you ſee what a Dancing-maſter he is. 'Tis as I told you, I warrant: A Dancing-maſter, and not play upon the Fiddle!

Don. How!

Hipp.

Hipp. O you have betray'd us all! if you confeſs that, you undo us for ever. [*apart to* Ger.

Ger. I cannot play, what wou'd you have me ſay?

Monſ. I vow and ſwear we are all undone, if you cannot play.

Don. What, are you a Dancing-maſter, and cannot play! umph——

Hipp. He is only out of humour, Sir; here, Maſter, I know you will play for me yet, for he has an excellent hand.

[*She offers* Gerard *the Violin.*

Monſ. Ay, that he has.
At giving a box on the Ear. [*aſide.*

Don. Why does he not play then?

Hipp. Here, Maſter, pray play for my ſake.

[*Gives* Ger. *the Violin.*

Ger. What wou'd you have me do with it? I cannot play a ſtroke.

Hipp. No, ſtay then, ſeem to tune it, and break the ſtrings. [*apart to* Ger.

Ger. Come then.
Next to the Devil's the Invention of Women, they'll no more want an excuſe to cheat a Father with, than an opportunity to abuſe a Huſband. [*aſide.*
But what do you give me ſuch a dam'd Fiddle with rotten ſtrings for?

[*Windes up the ſtrings till they break, and throws the Violin on the ground.*

Don. Hey-day, the Dancing-maſter is frantick.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, that people ſhou'd be made ſuch Fools of.

Cant. He broke the ſtrings on purpoſe, becauſe he cou'd not play, you are blind, Brother.

Don. What, will you ſee further than I? look you.

Hipp. But pray, Maſter, why in ſuch haſte?

Ger. Becauſe you have done with me.

Don. But don't you intend to come to morrow agen?

Ger. Your Daughter does not deſire it.

Don. No matter, I do, I muſt be your pay Maſter I'm ſure, I wou'd have you come betimes too, not only to make her perfect; but ſince you have ſo good a hand upon the Violin

to play your part with half a dozen of Muſicians more, whom I wou'd have you bring with you; for we will have a very merry Wedding, though a very private one; you'll be ſure to come?

Ger. Your Daughter does not deſire it.

Don. Come, come, Baggage, you ſhall beſire it of him, he is your Maſter.

Hipp. My Father will have me deſire it of you, it ſeems.

Ger. But you'll make a Fool of me agen: if I ſhou'd come, wou'd you not?

Hipp. If I ſhou'd tell you ſo, you'd be ſure not to come.

Don. Come, come, ſhe ſhall not make a Fool of you, upon my word: I'le ſecure you, ſhe ſhall do what you'll have her.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, ſo, ſo, ſilly *Don.* [*aſide.*

Ger. But, Madam, will you have me come?

Hipp. I'd have you to know for my part, I care not whether you come or no; there are other Dancing-maſters to be had, it is my Fathers requeſt to you: all that I have to ſay to you, is a little good advice, which (becauſe I will not ſhame you) I'le give you in private. [*whiſpers* Gerard.

Cant. What, will you let her whiſper with him too?

Don. Nay, if you find fault with it, they ſhall whiſper; though I did not like it before, I'le ha' no body wiſer than my ſelf; but do you think if 'twere any hurt, ſhe wou'd whiſper it to him before us?

Cant. If it be no hurt, why does ſhe not ſpeak aloud?

Don. Becauſe ſhe ſays ſhe will not put the man out of Countenance.

Cant. Hey-day, put a Dancing-maſter out of countenance!

Don. You ſay he is no Dancing-maſter.

Cant. Yes, for his impudence, he may be a Dancing-maſter.

Don. Well, well, let her whiſper before me as much as ſhe will to night, ſince ſhe is to be marry'd to morrow, eſpecially ſince her Huſband that ſhall be ſtands by conſenting too.

Monſ. Ay, ay, let 'em whiſper (as you ſay) as much as they will before we marry.
She's making more ſport with him, I warrant; but I wonder how people can be fool'd ſo, ha, ha, ha. [*aſide.*

Don.

Don. Well, a Penny for the ſecret, Daughter.

Hipp. Indeed, Father, you ſhall have it for nothing to morrow.

Don. Well, Friend, you will not fail to come.

Ger. No, no, Sir.
Yet I am a Fool, if I do. [*aſide.*

Don. And be ſure you bring the Fiddlers with you, as I bid you.

Hipp. Yes, be ſure you bring the Fiddlers with you, as I bid you.

Cant. So, ſo, He'll fiddle your Daughter out of the houſe, muſt you have Fiddles, with a fiddle, faddle.

Monſ. Lord! that people ſhou'd be made ſuch Fools of, hah, hah. [*Ex.* Don, Hipp. Monſ. Cant. *and* Prue.

Ger. Fortune we ſooner may than Woman truſt
To her confiding Gallant, ſhe is juſt;
But falſer Woman only him deceives,
Who to her Tongue and Eyes moſt credit gives. *Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Monſieur *and* Black *ſtalking over the Stage, to them Mr.* Gerard.

Monſ. GOod morrow to thee noble Dancing-maſter, ha, ha, ha, your little black Brother here my Maſter I ſee, is the more diligent man of the two; but why do you come ſo late? what you begin to neglect your Scholar, do you? Little black Maſter (con Licentia) pray get you out of the Room. [*Exit* Black.
What, out of humour, man! a Dancing-maſter ſhou'd be like his Fiddle, always in Tune. Come, my Couſin has made an Aſs of thee, what then, I know it.

Ger. Does he know it? [*aſide.*

Monſ. But prethee don't be angry, 'twas agreed upon betwixt us, before I ſent you to make a Fool of thee, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Was it ſo?

Monſ. I knew you would be apt to entertain vain hopes from

from the Summons of a Lady; but faith the design was but to make a Fool of thee, as you find.

Ger. 'Tis very well.

Monſ. But indeed I did not think the Jeſt wou'd have laſted ſo long, and that my Couſin wou'd have made a Dancing-maſter of you, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. The Fool has reaſon, I find, and I am the Coxcomb while I thought him ſo. [*aſide.*

Monſ. Come, I ſee you are uneaſie, and the Jeſt of being a Dancing maſter grows tedious to you; but have a little patience, the Parſon is ſent for, and when once my Couſin and I are marry'd, my Uncle may know who you are.

Ger. I am certainly abus'd.

Monſ. What do you ſay? [Monſ. *liſtens.*

Ger. Meerly fool'd. [*aſide.*

Monſ. Why do you doubt it? ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Can it be? [*aſide.*

Monſ. Piſh, piſh, ſhe told me yeſterday as ſoon as you were gone, that ſhe had led you into a Fools Paradiſe, and made you believe ſhe wou'd go away with you, ha, ha, ha.

Ger Did ſhe ſo! I am no longer to doubt it then? [*aſide.*

Monſ. Ay, ay, ſhe makes a meer Fool of thee, I vow and ſwear; but don't be concern'd, there's hardly a man of a thouſand but has been made a Fool of by ſome Woman or other: I have been made a Fool of my ſelf, man, by the Women, I have, I vow and ſwear, I have.

Ger. Well, you have, I believe it, for you are a Coxcomb.

Monſ. Lord! you need not be ſo touchy with one, I tell you but the truth for your good, for though ſhe does, I wou'd not fool you any longer; but prethee don't be troubl'd at what can't be help'd. Women are made on purpoſe to fool men; when they are Children, they fool their Fathers; and when they have taken their leaves of their Hanging-ſleeves, they fool their Gallants or Dancing-maſters, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Hark you, Sir, to be fool'd by a woman you ſay is not to be help'd; but I will not be fool'd by a Fool.

Monſ. You ſhew your Engliſh breeding now; an Engliſh Rival is ſo dull and brutiſh as not to underſtand raillery, but what

what is ſpoken in your paſſion, i'le take no notice of, for I am your friend, and would not have you my Rival to make your ſelf ridiculous. Come, prethee, prethee, don't be ſo concern'd; for as I was ſaying, women firſt fool their Fathers, then their Gallants, and then their Husbands; ſo that it will be my turn to be fool'd too; (for your comfort) and when they come to be Widows, they would fool the Devil I vow and ſwear. Come, come, dear *Gerard*, prethee don't be out of humour and look ſo ſillily.

Ger. Prethee do not talk ſo ſillily.

Monſ. Nay, faith I am reſolv'd to beat you out of this ill humour.

Ger. Faith, I am afraid I ſhall firſt beat you into an ill humour.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, that thou ſhould'ſt be gull'd ſo by a little Gipſey, who left off her Bib but yeſterday; faith I can't but laugh at thee.

Ger. Faith then I ſhall make your mirth (as being too violent) conclude in ſome little miſ-fortune to you. The Fool begins to be tyrannical.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, poor angry *Dancing-Maſter*; prethee match my Spaniſh pumps and legs with one of your beſt and neweſt Sarabands; ha, ha, ha, come——

Ger. I will match your Spaniſh ear thus, Sir, and make you Dance thus. [*Strikes and kicks him.*

Monſ. How! ſa, ſa, ſa, than i'le make you Dance thus. Hold, hold a little, [Mon. *draws his Sword and runs at him,* a deſperate diſappointed *but* Ger. *drawing he retires.* Lover will cut his own throat, then ſure he will make nothing of cutting his Rivals throat. [*Aſide.*

Ger. Conſideration is an enemy to fighting; if you have a mind to revenge your ſelf, your Sword's in your hand.

Monſ. Pray, Sir, hold your peace; I'le ne'r take my Rivals counſel be't what 'twill, I know what you wou'd be at; you are diſappointed of your Miſtreſs, and cou'd hang your ſelf, and therefore will not fear hanging; but I am a ſucceſsful Lover, and need neither hang for you nor my Miſtreſs; nay, if I ſhould kill you, I know I ſhould do you a kindneſs; therefore

fore e'en live to dye daily with envy of my happineſs; but if you will needs dye, kill your ſelf and be damn'd for me I vow and ſwear.

Ger. But won't you fight for your Miſtreſs?

Monſ. I tell you, you ſhall not have the honour to be kill'd for her; beſides, I will not be hit in the teeth by her as long as I live with the great love you had for her. Women ſpeak well of their dead Husbands, what will they do of their dead Gallants?

Ger. But if you will not fight for her, you ſhall Dance for her, ſince you deſir'd me to teach you to Dance too; I'le teach you to Dance thus—

[*ſtrikes his ſword at his legs*, Monſieur *leaps*.

Monſ. Nay, if it be for the ſake of my Miſtreſs, there's nothing I will refuſe to do.

Ger. Nay, you muſt Dance on.

Monſ. Ay, ay for my Miſtreſs and Sing too, la, la, la, ra, la.

Enter Hippolita *and* Prue.

Hipp. What Swords drawn betwixt you too? what's the matter?

Monſ. Is ſhe here? [*Aſide.*

Come put up your Sword; you ſee this is no place for us; but the Devil eat me, if you ſhall not eat my Sword but—

Hipp. What's the matter Couſin?

Monſ. Nothing, nothing Couſin; but your preſence is a ſanctuary for my greateſt enemy, or elſe, *teſte non.*

Hipp. What, you have not hurt my Couſin, Sir, [*To* Ger. I hope?

Ger. How ſhe's concern'd for him; nay, then I need not doubt, my fears are true. [*Aſide.*

Monſ. What was that you ſaid Couſin I hurt me, ha, ha, ha, hurt me! if any man hurt me, he muſt do it baſely; he ſhall ne'r do it when my Sword's drawn, ſa, ſa, ſa.

Hipp. Becauſe you will ne'r draw your Sword perhaps.

Monſ. Scurvily gueſs'd. [*Aſide.*

You Ladies may ſay anything; but, Couſin, pray do not you talk

talk of Swords and fighting, meddle with your Guitar, and talk of dancing with your Dancing-master there, ha, ha, ha.

Hipp. But I am afraid you have hurt my Master, Cousin, he says nothing; can he draw his breath?

Monsr. No, 'tis you have hurt your Master, Cousin, in the very heart, Cousin, and therefore he wou'd hurt me; for Love is a disease makes people as malicious as the Plague does.

Hipp. Indeed, poor Master, something does ail you.

Monsr. Nay, nay, Cousin, faith don't abuse him any longer, he's an honest Gentleman, and has been long of my acquaintance, and a man of tolerable sense to take him out of his Love; but prethee, Cousin, don't drive the Jest too far for my sake.

Ger. He counsels you well, pleasant-cunning-jilting-Miss for his sake; for if I am your divertisement, it shall be at his cost, since he's your Gallant in favour.

Hipp. I don't understand you.

Monsr. But I do, a pox take him, and the Custom that so orders it, forsooth; that if a Lady abuse or affront a man, presently the Gallant must be beaten, nay, what's more unreasonable, if a Woman abuse her Husband, the poor Cuckold must bear the shame as well as the injury. [*aside.*

Hipp. But what's the matter, Master? what was it you said?

Ger. I say pleasant, cunning, jilting Lady, though you make him a Cuckold, it will not be revenge enough for me upon him for marrying you.

Hipp. How, my surly, huffing, jealous, senseless sawcy Master?

Monsr. Nay, nay, faith give lovers leave to speak, lovers of Mistresses especially, ha, ha, ha. Besides, your anger is too great a favour for him, I scorn to honour him with mine, you see.

Hipp. I tell you, my sawcy Master, my Cousin shall never be made that monstrous thing (you mention) by me.

Monsr. Thank you, I vow and swear, Cousin, no, no, I never thought I should.

Ger. Sure you marry him by the sage Maxime of your Sex, which is, Wittals make the best Husbands, that is, Cuckolds.

Hipp. Indeed, Master, whatsoever you think, I wou'd sooner chuse you for that purpose then him.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, there ſhe was with him, i'faith, I thank you for that, Couſin, I vow and ſwear.

Hipp. Nay, he ſhall thank me for that too; but how came you two to quarrel? I thought, Couſin, you had had more wit than to quarrel, or more kindneſs for me than to quarrel here: what if my Father hearing the Buſtle ſhou'd have come in, he wou'd ſoon have diſcover'd our falſe Dancing-maſter (for paſſion un-maſks every man) and then the reſult of your quarrel had been my ruine.

Monſ. Nay, you had both felt his deſperate, deadly, daunting Dagger; there are your dès for you.

Hipp. Go, go preſently therefore, and hinder my Father from coming in, whilſt I put my Maſter into a better humour, that we may not be diſcover'd, to the prevention of our Wedding, or worſe, when he comes, go, go.

Monſ. Well, well, I will, Couſin.

Hipp. Be ſure you let him not come in this good while.

Monſ. No, no, I warrant you.

[Monſ. *goes out and returns.*

But if he ſhou'd come before I wou'd have him, I'le come before him and cough and hawk ſoundly, that you may not be ſurpriſed. Won't that do well, Couſin?

Hipp. Very well, pray be gone. [*Exit* Monſieur. Well, Maſter, ſince I find you are quarrelſom and melancholy, and wou'd have taken me away without a Portion, three infallible ſigns of a true Lover, faith here's my hand now in earneſt, to lead me a Dance as long as I live.

Ger. How's this? you ſurpriſe me as much as when firſt I found ſo much Beauty and Wit in Company with ſo much Innocency. But, Deareſt, I would be aſſur'd of what you ſay, and yet dare not aſk the queſtion. You h—— do not abuſe me again, you h—— will fool me no more ſure.

Hipp. Yes but I will ſure.

Ger. How! nay, I was afraid on't.

Hipp. For I ſay you are to be my Huſband, and you ſay Huſbands muſt be Wittals and ſome ſtrange things to boot.

Ger. Well, I will take my Fortune.

Hipp. But have a care, raſh man.

Ger.

Ger. I will venture.

Hipp. At your peril, remember I wish'd you to have a care, fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd.

Pru. Indeed now that's fair; for most men are fore-arm'd before they are warn'd.

Hipp. Plain dealing is some kind of honesty however, and few women wou'd have said so much.

Ger. None but those who wou'd delight in a Husbands jealousie, as the proof of his love and her honour.

Hipp. Hold, Sir, let us have a good understanding betwixt one another at first, that we may be long Friends; I differ from you in the point, for a Husbands jealousie, which cunning men wou'd pass upon their Wives for a Complement, is the worst can be made 'em, for indeed it is a Complement to their Beauty, but an affront to their Honour.

Ger. But, Madam----

Hipp. So that upon the whole matter I conclude, jealousie in a Gallant is humble true Love, and the height of respect, and only an undervaluing of himself to overvalue her; but in a Husband 'tis arrant sawciness, cowardise, and ill breeding, and not to be suffer'd.

Ger. I stand corrected gracious Miss.

Hipp. Well! but have you brought the Gentlemen Fidlers with you as I desired?

Ger. They are below.

Hipp. Are they arm'd well?

Ger. Yes, they have Instruments too that are not of wood; but what will you do with them?

Hipp. What did you think I intended to do with them? when I whisper'd you to bring Gentlemen of your acquaintance instead of Fidlers, as my Father desir'd you to bring; pray what did you think I intended?

Ger. Faith, e'en to make fools of the Gentlemen-Fidlers, as you had done of your Gentleman Dancing-Master.

Hipp. I intended 'em for our guard and defence against my Fathers *Spanish* and *Guiny* force, when we were to make our retreat from hence, and to help us to take the keys from my Aunt, who has been the watchful Porter of this house this

twelve-month; and this design (if your heart do not fail you) we will put in execution, as soon as you have given your friends below instructions.

Ger. Are you sure your heart will stand right still? you flinch'd last night, when I little expected it, I am sure.

Hipp. The time last night, was not so proper for us as now, for reasons I will give you; but besides that, I confess I had a mind to try whether your interest did not sway you more than your love; whether the twelve hundred pounds a year I told you of, had not made a greater impression in your heart than *Hippolita*; but finding it otherwise— yet hold, perhaps upon consideration you are grown wiser; can you yet, as I said, be so desperate, so out of fashion, as to steal a woman with nothing?

Ger. With you I can want nothing, nor can be made by any thing more rich or happy.

Hipp. Think well again; can you take me without the twelve hundred pounds a year; the twelve hundred pounds a year?

Ger. Indeed, Miss, now you begin to be unkind again, and use me worse than e're you did.

Hipp. Well, though you are so modest a Gentleman as to suffer a Wife to be put upon you with nothing; I have more conscience than to do it: I have the twelve hundred pounds a year out of my Father's power, which is yours, and I am sorry it is not the *Indies* to mend your bargain.

Ger. Dear Miss, you but encrease my fears, and not my wealth: pray let us make haste away, I desire but to be secure of you; come, what are you thinking of?

Hipp. I am thinking if some little filching inquisitive Poet shou'd get my story, and represent it on the Stage; what those Ladies, who are never precise but at a Play, wou'd say of me now; that I were a confident coming piece I warrant, and they wou'd damn the poor Poet for libelling the Sex; but sure though I give my self and fortune away frankly, without the consent of my Friends, my confidence is less than theirs, who stand off only for separate maintenance.

Ger. They wou'd be Widows before their time, have a Husband

band and no Husband: but let us be gone, lest fortune shou'd recant my happiness. Now you are fix'd my dearest Miss.

[*He kisses her hand.*

Enter Monsieur *coughing, and* Don Diego.

Hipp. Oh here's my Father!

Don. How now Sir! what kissing her hand? what means that friend, ha! Daughter ha! do you permit this insolence ha! (*voto à mi honrâ.*)

Ger. We are prevented again.

Hipp. Ha, ha, ha, you are so full of your *Spanish* Jealousie, Father, why you must know he's a City Dancing-master, and they, forsooth, think it fine to kiss the hand at the Honour before the Corant.

Monsf. Ay, ay, ay, Uncle, don't you know that?

Don. Go to, go to, you are an easie *French* Fool, there's more in it than so, look you.

Monsf. I vow and swear there's nothing more in't, if you'll believe one.
Did not I cough and hawk? a jealous prudent Husband cou'd not cough and hawk louder at the approach of his Wifes Chamber in visiting-time, and yet you wou'd not hear me, he'll make now ado about nothing, and you'll be discover'd both.

[*aside to* Hipp. *and* Ger.

Don. Umph, umph, no, no, I see it plain, he is no Dancing-master, now I have found it out, and I think I can see as far into matters as another: I have found it now, look you.

Ger. My fear was prophetical.

Hipp. What shall we do? nay, pray, Sir, do not stir yet.

[Ger. *offers to go out with her.*

Enter Mrs. Caution.

Caut. What's the matter, Brother? what's the matter?

Don. I have found it out, Sister, I have found it out, Sister, this Villain here is no Dancing-master, but a dishonourer of my House and Daughter, I caught him kissing her hand.

Monsf. Pish, pish, you are a strange *Spanish* kind of an Uncle, that

that you are, a dishonourer of your Daughter, because he kiss'd her hand; pray how cou'd he honour her more? he kiss't her hand, you see, while he was making his Honour to her.

Don. You are an unthinking, shallow, *French* Fop, voto— But I tell you, Sister, I have thought of it, and have found it out, he is no Dancing-master, Sister. Do you remember the whispering last night? I have found out the meaning of that too, and I tell you, Sister, he's no Dancing-master, I have found it out.

Cant. You found it out, marry come up, did not I tell you always he was no Dancing-master?

Don. You tell me, you silly Woman, what then? what of that? you tell me, de' think I heeded what you told me? but I tell you now I have found it out.

Cant. I say I found it out.

Don. I say 'tis false, Gossip, I found him out.

Cant. I say I found him out first, say you what you will.

Don. Sister *Mum*, not such a word again, guarda— you found him out.

Cant. Nay, I must submit, or dissemble like other prudent Women, or——

Don. Come, come, Sister, take it from me, he is no Dancing-master.

Cant. O yes, he is a Dancing-master.

Don. What will you be wiser than I every way? remember the whispering, I say.

Cant. So, he thinks I speak in earnest, then I'le fit him still. But what do you talk of their whispering, they wou'd not whisper any ill before us sure. [*aside.*

Don. Will you still be an Idiot, a Dolt, and see nothing.

Monf. Lord! you'll be wiser than all the World, will you? are we not all against you? pshaw, pshaw, I ne're saw such a Doniſſimo as you are, I vow and swear.

Don. No, Sister, he's no Dancing-master; for now I think on't too, he cou'd not play upon the Fiddle.

Cant. Pish, pish, what Dancing-master can play upon a Fiddle without strings?

Don. Again, I tell you he broke 'em on purpose, because he cou'd

cou'd not play; I have found it out now, Sister.

Cant. Nay, you see farther than I, Brother.

[Ger. *offers to lead her out.*

Hipp. For Heaven's sake stir not yet.

Don. Besides, if you remember they were perpetually putting me out of the Room, that was, Sister, because they had a mind to be alone, I have found that out too: Now, Sister, look you, he is no Dancing-master.

Cant. But has he not given her Lesson often before you.

Don. I but, Sister, he did not go about his bus'ness like a Dancing-master; but go, go down to the dore, some body rings. [*Exit* Caution.

Monsr. I vow and swear Uncle he is a Dancing-master; pray be appeas'd, Lord de'e think I'de tell you a lye?

Don. If it prove to be a lye, and you do not confess it, though you are my next Heir after my Daughter, I will disown thee as much as I do her, for thy folly and treachery to thy self, as well as me; you may have her, but never my estate look you.

Monsr. How! I must look to my hits then. [*Aside.*

Don. Look to't.

Monsr. Then I had best confess all, before he discover all, which he will soon do.

Enter Parson.

O here's the Parson too! he won't be in choler nor brandish Toledo before the Parson sure? [*Aside.*

Well, Uncle, I must confess, rather than lose your favour, he is no Dancing-master.

Don. No.

Ger. What has the Fool betray'd us then at last? nay, then 'tis time to be gone; come away Miss. [*Going out.*

Don. Nay, Sir, if you pass this way, my *Toledo* will pass that way look you. [*Thrusts at him with his Sword.*

Hip. O hold Mr. *Gerrard*, hold Father!

Monsr. I tell you Uncle he's an honest Gentleman, means no hurt, and came hither but upon a frolick of mine and your Daughters. [*Stops his Uncle.*

Don. Ladron, Trayidor.

Monsr. I tell you all's but a jest, a meer jest I vow and swear.

Don. A

Don. A jeſt, jeſt with my honour voto, ha! no Family to diſhonour but the Grave, Wiſe, Noble, Honourable, Illuſtrious, Puiſſant, and right Worſhipful Family of the Formals; nay, I am contented to reprieve you, till you know who you have diſhonoured, and convict you of the greatneſs of your crime before you die; we are deſcended look you----

Monſ. Nay, pray Uncle hear me.

Don. I ſay, we are deſcended.

Monſ. 'Tis no matter for that.

Don. And my great, great, great Grandfather was.

Monſ. Well, well, I have ſomething to ſay more to the purpoſe.

Don. My great, great, great Grandfather, I ſay, was---

Monſ. Well, a Pin-maker in———

Don. But he was a Gentleman for all that Fop, for he was a Serjeant to a Company of the Train-bands, and my great, great, great Grandfather was.

Monſ. Was his Son, what then? won't you let me clear this Gentleman?

Don. He was, he was----

Monſ. He was a Felt-maker, his Son a Wine-cooper, your Father a Vintner, and ſo you came to be a Canary-Merchant.

Don. But we were ſtill Gentlemen, for our Coat was as the Heralds ſay--- was---

Monſ. Was, your ſign was the Three Tuns, and the Field Canary; now let me tell you this honeſt Gentleman——

Don. Now that you ſhou'd dare to diſhonour this Family; by the Graves of my Anceſtors in Great Saint *Ellens* Church---

Monſ. Yard.

Don. Thou ſhalt dye fort't ladron. [*Runs at* Gerard.

Monſ. Hold, hold Uncle, are you mad?

Hipp. Oh, oh.

Monſ. Nay then, by your own *Spaniſh* rules of honour (though he be my Rival) I muſt help him, [*Draws his ſword.*
ſince I brought him into danger. [*Aſide.*
Sure he will not ſhew his valour upon his Nephew and Son-in-Law, otherwiſe I ſhou'd be afraid of ſhewing mine.
Here Mr. *Gerrard*, go in here, nay, you ſhall go in Mr. *Gerrard*,

I'le

I'le ſecure you all; and Parſon do you go in too with 'em; for I ſee you are afraid of a Sword and the other World, though you talk of it ſo familiarly, and make it ſo fine a place.

[*Opens a dore, and thruſts* Gerrard, Hippolita *and* Parſon *in, then ſhuts it, and guards it with his Sword.*

Don. Tu quoque Brute.

Monſ. Nay, now Uncle you muſt underſtand reaſon; what, you are not only a *Don*, but you are a *Don Quixot* too I vow and ſwear.

Don. Thou ſpot, ſploach of my Family and blood; I will have his blood look you.

Monſ. Pray good Spaniſh Uncle, have but patience to hear me; ſuppoſe---- I ſay, ſuppoſe he had done, done, done the feat to your Daughter.

Don. How, done the feat, done the feat, done the feat, *En horâ Malâ.*

Monſ. I ſay, ſuppoſe, ſuppoſe---

Don. Suppoſe----

Monſ. I ſay, ſuppoſe he had, for I do but ſuppoſe it; well, I am ready to marry her however; now Marriage is as good a Solder for crack'd female-honour, as blood, and can't you ſuffer the ſhame but for a quarter of an hour, till the Parſon has marry'd us, and then if there be any ſhame, it becomes mine; for here in *England*, the Father has nothing to do with the Daughters buſineſs, honour, what de'e call't, when once ſhe's marry'd, de'e ſee.

Don. England! what de'e tell me of *England?* I'le be a *Spaniard* ſtill, voto a mi hora, and I will be reveng'd, *Pedro, Juan, Sanches.* [*Calls at the dore.*

Enter Mrs. Caution *follow'd by* Flirt *and* Flounce *in vizard Masks.*

Caut. What's the matter Brother?

Don. Pedro, Sanchez, Juan, but who are theſe Sister? are they not men in womens cloaths? what make they here?

Caut. They are relations, they ſay, of my Couſins, who preſs'd in when I let in the Parſon, they ſay my Couſin invited 'em to his Wedding.

Monſ. Two of my relations, ha--- they are my Couſins indeed of the other night; a Pox take 'em, but that's no Curſe for 'em; a Plague take 'em then, but how came they here?

Don. Now muſt I have witneſſes too of the diſhonour of my Family; it were Spaniſh prudence to diſpatch 'em away out of the houſe, before I begin my revenge. [*Aſide.*
What are you? what make you here? who wou'd you ſpeak with?

Flirt. With *Monſieur.*

Don. Here he is.

Monſ. Now will theſe Jades diſcredit me, and ſpoil my match juſt in the coupling minute.

Don. Do you know 'em?

Monſ. Yes, Sir, ſure, I know 'em. Pray, Ladies, ſay as I ſay, or you will ſpoil my Wedding, for I am juſt going to be marry'd, and if my Uncle, or Miſtreſs ſhould know who you are, it might break of the match. [*Aſide to 'em.*

Floun. We come on purpoſe to break the match.

Monſ. How!

Flirt. Why, de'e think to marry and leave us ſo in the lurch?

Monſ. What do the Jades mean? [*Aſide.*

Don Come, who are they? what wou'd they have? if they come to the Wedding, Ladies, I aſſure you there will be none to day here.

Monſ. They won't trouble you, Sir, they are going again. Ladies, you hear what my Uncle ſays; I know you won't trouble him. I wiſh I were well rid of 'em. [*Aſide.*

Floun. You ſhall not think to put us off ſo. [*Aſide.*

Don. Who are they? what are their names?

Flirt. We are, Sir—

Monſ. Nay, for Heaven's ſake don't tell who you are, for you will undo me, and ſpoil my match infallibly. [*Aſide to 'em.*

Floun. We care not, 'tis our buſineſs to ſpoil matches.

Monſ. You need not, for, I believe, marry'd men are your beſt cuſtomers, for greedy Batchelors take up with their Wives.

Don. Come, pray Ladies, if you have no buſineſs here, be pleas'd to retire, for few of us are in humour to be ſo civil to you, as you may deſerve.

Monſ. Ay,

Monſ. Ay, prethee dear Jades get you gone.

Flirt. We will not ſtir.

Don. Who are they I ſay, fool, and why don't they go?

Floun. We are, Sir----

Monſ. Hold, hold.

They are perſons of honour and quality, and---

Flirt. We are no perſons of honour and quality, Sir, we are----

Monſ. They are modeſt Ladies, and being in a kind of diſguiſe, will not own their quality.

Floun. We modeſt Ladies!

Monſ. Why? ſometimes you are in the humour to paſs for women of honour and quality; prethee, dear Jades, let your modeſty and greatneſs come upon you now. [*Aſide to 'em.*

Flirt. Come, Sir, not to delude you, as he wou'd have us, we are----

Monſ. Hold, hold---

Flirt. The other night at the French houſe---

Monſ. Hold, I ſay, 'tis even true as *Gerrard* ſays, the women will tell I ſee.

Floun. If you wou'd have her ſilent, ſtop her mouth with that ring. [*Takes off his ring and gives it her.*

Monſ. Will that do't, here, here---

'Tis worth one hundred and fifty pounds; but I muſt not loſe my match, I muſt not loſe a Trout for a Fly.

That men ſhou'd live to hire women to ſilence.

Enter Gerrard, Hippolita, Parſon *and* Prue.

Don. Oh, are you come agen! [*Draws his ſword and runs at 'em,* Monſ. *holds him.*

Monſ. Oh, hold, hold Uncle! What are you mad, *Gerrard*, to expoſe your ſelf to a new danger? why wou'd you come out yet?

Ger. Becauſe our danger now is over, I thank the Parſon there. And now we muſt beg--- [*Ger. and Hipp. kneel.*

Monſ. Nay, faith Uncle, forgive him now, ſince he asks you forgiveneſs upon his knees, and my poor Couſin too.

Hipp. You are miſtaken, Couſin; we ask him bleſſing, and you forgiveneſs.

Monſ. How, how, how! what do you talk of bleſſing? what do you ask your Father bleſſing, and he asks me forgiveneſs? But why ſhou'd he ask me forgiveneſs?

Hipp. Becauſe he asks my Father bleſſing.

Monſ. Piſh, piſh, I don't underſtand you I vow and ſwear.

Hipp. The Parſon will expound to you, Couſin.

Monſ. Hey! what ſay you to it, Parſon?

Parſ. They are marry'd, Sir.

Monſ. Marry'd!

Caut. Marry'd! ſo I told you what 'twou'd come to.

Don. You told us---

Monſ. Nay, ſhe is ſetting up for the reputation of a Witch.

Don. Marry'd *Juan, Sanchez, Petro*, arm, arm, arm.

Caut. A Witch, a Witch!

Hipp. Nay, indeed Father, now we are marry'd, you had better call the Fiddles: Call 'em *Prue* quickly. [*Ex.* Prue.

Monſ. Who do you ſay marry'd, man?

Parſ. Was I not ſent for on purpoſe to marry 'em? why ſhou'd you wonder at it?

Monſ. No, no, you were to marry me, man, to her; I knew there was a miſtake in't ſome how; you were meerly miſtaken, therefore you muſt do your buſineſs over again for me now: The Parſon was miſtaken, Uncle, it ſeems, ha, ha, ha.

Caut. I ſuppoſe five or ſix Guinies made him make the miſtake, which will not be rectify'd now Nephew; they'll marry all that come near 'em, and for a Guiny or two, care not what miſchief they do Nephew.

Don. Marry'd *Pedro, Sanchez?*

Monſ. How, and muſt ſhe be his Wife then for ever and ever? have I held the dore then for this, like a fool as I was?

Caut. Yes, indeed.

Monſ. Have I worn Golillia here for this? little Breeches for this?

Caut. Yes, truly.

Monſ. And put on the Spaniſh honour with the habit, in defending my Rival; nay, then I'le have another turn of honour in revenge. Come, Uncle, I'm of your ſide now, ſa, ſa, ſa, but let's ſtay for our force, *Sanchez, Juan, Petro*, arm, arm, arm.

Enter

Enter two Blacks, *and the* Spaniard *follow'd by* Prue, Martin, *and five other Gentlemen like Fiddlers.*

Don. Murder the Villain, kill him. [*Running all upon* Ger.

Mart. Hold, hold, Sir.

Don. How now, who sent for you, Friends?

Mart. We Fiddlers, Sir, often come unsent for.

Don. And you are often kick'd down stairs for't too.

Mart. No, Sir, our Company was never kick'd I think.

Don. Fiddlers, and not kick'd? then to preserve your Virgin honour, get you down stairs quickly; for we are not at present disposed much for mirth, voto.

Monsi. peeping. A pox, is it you, *Martin*? nay, Uncle, then 'tis in vain; for they won't be kick'd down stairs, to my knowledge. They are Gentlemen Fiddlers, forsooth, a pox on all Gentlemen Fiddlers and Gentlemen Dancing-masters say I.

Don. How! ha, O [*Pausing.*

Monsi. Well, *Flirt*, now I am a Match for thee, now I may keep you, and there's little difference betwixt keeping a Wench and Marriage, only Marriage is a little the cheaper; but the other is the more honourable now, vert & bleu, nay now I may swear a *French* Oath too. Come, come, I am thine, let us strike up the Bargain, thine according to the honourable Institution of Keeping, come.

Flirt. Nay hold, Sir, two words to the Bargain, first I have ne're a Lawyer here to draw Articles and Settlements.

Monsi. How! is the World come to that? a man cannot keep a Wench without Articles and Settlements, nay then 'tis e'en as bad as Marriage indeed; and there's no difference betwixt a Wife and a Wench.

Flirt. Only in Cohabitation, for the first Article shall be against Cohabitation; we Mistresses suffer no Cohabitation.

Monsi. Nor Wives neither now.

Flirt. Then separate Maintenance, in case you shou'd take a Wife, or I a new Friend.

Monsi. How! that too? then you are every whit as bad as a Wife.

Flirt.

Flirt. Then my House in Town, and yours in the Country, if you will.

Monsr. A meer Wife.

Flirt. Then my Coach apart, as well as my Bed apart.

Monsr. As bad as a Wife still.

Flirt. But take notice I will have no little, dirty, second-hand Charriot new forbish'd, but a large, sociable, well painted Coach, nor will I keep it till it be as well known as my self, and it come to be call'd *Flirt*-Coach; nor will I have such pitiful Horses as cannot carry me every night to the *Park*; for I will not miss a night in the *Park*, I'd have you to know.

Monsr. 'Tis very well, you must have your great, gilt, fine, painted Coaches, I'm sure they are grown so common already amongst you, that Ladies of Quality begin to take up with Hackneys agen, Jarnie; but what else?

Flirt. Then, that you do not think I will be serv'd by a little dirty Boy in a Bonnet, but a couple of handsom, lusty, cleanly Footmen, fit to serve Ladies of Quality, and do their business as they shou'd do.

Monsr. What then?

Flirt. Then, that you never grow jealous of them.

Monsr. Why will you make so much of them?

Flirt. I delight to be kind to my Servants.

Monsr. Well, is this all?

Flirt. No then, that when you come to my house, you never presume to touch a Key, lift up a Latch, or thrust a Door, without knocking before hand; and that you ask no questions, if you see a stray Piece of Plate, Cabinet, or Looking-glass in my house.

Monsr. Just a Wife in every thing; but what else?

Flirt. Then, that you take no acquaintaince with me abroad, nor bring me home any when you are drunk, whom you will not be willing to see there, when you are sober.

Monsr. But what allowance? let's come to the main business, the money.

Flirt. Stay, let me think, first for advance-money five hundred pound for Pins.

Monsr. A very Wife.

Flirt.

Flirt. Then you must take the Lease of my House, and furnish it as becomes one of my Quality; for don't you think we'll take up with your old Queen *Elizabeth* Furniture, as your Wives do.

Monsr. Indeed there she is least like a Wife, as she says.

Flirt. Then, for House-keeping, Servant-wages, Cloaths, and the rest, I'le be contented with a thousand pound a year present maintenance, and but three hundred pound a year separate maintenance for my life, when our Love grows cold; but I am contented with a thousand pound a year, because for Pendants, Neck-laces, and all sorts of Jewels, and such Trifles, nay and some Plate, I will shift my self as I can, make shifts, which you shall not take any notice of.

Monsr. A thousand pound a year! what will wenching come to? Time was, a man might have fared as well at a much cheaper rate; and a Lady of ones affections, instead of a House wou'd have been contented with a little Chamber three pair of Stairs backward, with a little Closet or Larder to't; and instead of variety of new Gowns and rich Petticoats, with her Dishabiliee or Flame-colour Gown call'd *Indian*, and Slippers of the same, wou'd have been contented for a twelve-month; and instead of Visits and gadding to Plays, wou'd have entertain'd her self at home with St. *George* for *England*, the Knight of the Sun, or the Practice of Piety; and instead of sending her Wine and Meat from the *French*-houses, wou'd have been contented, if you had given her (poor Wretch) but credit at the next Chandlers and Checker'd Cellar; and then instead of a Coach, wou'd have been well satisfi'd to have gone out and taken the Air for three or four hours in the Evening in the Balcony, poor Soul. Well, *Flirt*, however we'll agree; 'tis but three hundred pound a year separate maintenance, you say, when I am weary of thee and the Charge.

Don. Rob'd of my Honour, my Daughter, and my Revenge too! Oh my dear Honour! nothing vexes me but that the World should say, I had not *Spanish* Policy enough to keep my Daughter from being debauch'd from me; but methinks my *Spanish* Policy might help me yet: I have it so—I will cheat 'em all; for I will declare I understood the whole Plot and

Contri-

Contrivance, and conniv'd at it, finding my Cousin a Fool, and not answering my expectation. Well; but then if I approve of the Match, I must give this Mock-Dancing-master my Estate, especially since half he wou'd have in right of my Daughter; and in spight of me. Well, I am resolv'd to turn the Cheat upon themselves, and give them my Consent and Estate.

Monsr. Come, come, ne're be troubl'd, Uncle; 'twas a Combination you see, of all these Heads and your Daughters; you know what I mean, Uncle, not to be thwarted or govern'd by all the *Spanish* Policy in *Christendom*. I'm sure my *French* Policy wou'd not have govern'd her; so, since I have scap'd her, I am glad I have scap'd her, Jemie.

Cant. Come, Brother, you are wiser than I, you see, ay, ay.

Don. No, you think you are wiser than I now, in earnest; but know, while I was thought a Gull, I gull'd you all, and made them and you think I knew nothing of the Contrivance. Confess, did not you think verily, that I knew nothing of it, and that I was a Gull?

Cant. Yes indeed, Brother, I did think verily you were a Gull.

Hipp. How's this? [*listning.*

Don. Alas, alas, all the sputter I made was but to make this Young-man my Cousin believe, when the thing shou'd be effected, that it was not with my connivence or consent; but since he is so well satisfi'd, I owne it. For do you think I wou'd ever have suffer'd her to marry a *Monsieur*, a *Monsieur Guarde*. Besides, it had been but a beastly incestuous kind of a Match, voto——

Cant. Nay, then I see, Brother, you were wiser than I indeed.

Ger. So, so. [*aside.*

Cant. Nay, Young-man, you have danc'd a fair Dance for your self royally, and now you may go jig it together till you are both weary; and though you were so eager to have him, Mrs. *Minx*, you'll soon have your belly-full of him, let me tell you, Mistress.

Pru. Hah, ha.

Monsr. How, Uncle! what was't you said? Nay if I had your *Spanish* Policy against me, it was no wonder I miss'd of my aim, mon foy.

Don.

Don. I was reſolv'd too, my Daughter ſhou'd not marry a Coward, therefore made the more ado to try you, Sir, but I find you are a brisk man of honour, firm, ſtiff Spaniſh honour; and that you may ſee I deceiv'd you all a long, and you not me; ay, and am able to deceive you ſtill; for, I know, now you think that I will give you little or nothing with my Daughter (like other Fathers) ſince you have marry'd her without my conſent; but, I ſay, I'le deceive you now, for you ſhall have the moſt part of my Eſtate in preſent, and the reſt at my death; there's for you, I think I have deceiv'd you now look you.

Ger. No, indeed, Sir, you have not deceiv'd me, for I never ſuſpected your love to your Daughter, nor your Generoſity.

Don. How, Sir! have a care of ſaying I have not deceiv'd you, leſt I deceive you another way; guarda--- pray, Gentlemen, do not think any man cou'd deceive me look you; that any man could ſteal my Daughter look you, without my connivance.

The leſs we ſpeak, the more we think,
And he ſees moſt, that ſeems to wink.

Flip. So, ſo, now I cou'd give you my bleſſing, Father, now you are a good complaiſant Father, indeed.

When Children marry, Parents ſhou'd obey,
Since Love claims more Obedience far than they.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE

Spoken by *Flirt.*

THE Ladies first I am to Compliment,
Whom (if he cou'd) the Poet won'd content,
But to their pleasure then they must consent;

Most spoil their sport still by their modesty,
And when they shou'd be pleas'd, cry out O fie,
And the least smooty jest will ne're pass by:

But City Damsel ne're had confidence,
At smooty Play to take the least offence,
But mercy shew, to shew her innocence.

Yet lest the Merchants Daughters shou'd to day
Be scandaliz'd, not at our harmless Play;
But our Hippolita, *since she's like one*
Of us bold Flirts, of t'other end o'th' Town;
Our Poet sending to you (though unknown)
His best respects by me, do's frankly own
The character to be unnatural;
Hippolita *is not like you at all;*
You, while your Lovers court you, still look grum,
And far from wooing, when they woo, cry mum;
And if some of you, e're were stol'n away,
Your Portion's fault 'twas only I dare say:
Thus much for him the Poet bid me speak,
Now to the men, I my own mind will break;
You good men o'th' Exchange, *on whom alone*
We must depend, when Sparks to Sea are gone;
Into the Pit already you are come,
'Tis but a step more to our Tyring room;
Where none of us but will be wondrous sweet

Upon

Upon an able Love of Lumber-*ſtreet:*
You we had rather ſee between our Scenes,
Than ſpend-thrift Fops with better Cloaths and meens;
Inſtead of Lac'd-coats, Belts, and Pantalloons,
Your Velvet Jumps, Gold Chains, and grave Fur Gowns,
Inſtead of Perriwigs, and broad cock'd Hats,
Your Sattin Caps, ſmalls Cuffs, and vaſt Crevats;
For you are fair and ſquare in all your dealings,
You never cheat your Doxies with guilt Shillings;
You ne're will break our Windows, then you are
Fit to make love, while our Houzaas make war;
And ſince all Gentlemen muſt pack to Sea,
Our Gallants, and our Judges you muſt be;
We therefore, and our Poet, do ſubmit
To all the Chamlet Cloaks now i'the Pit.

ERRATA.

Page 3. *line* 22. for *you* read *your*, *p.* 4. *l.* 13. for *certe* r. *teſte*, *p.* 13. *l.* 22. put in *de*, *p.* 19. *l.* 28. for *graſſe* r. *grace*, and *l.* 32. for *Piero* r. *Pierot*, *p.* 26. *l.* 18. after *uſe of it* r. [*aſide*] and the next line dele [*aſide*] *p.* 32. *l.* 11. for *excepted* r. *expected*, *p.* 44. *l.* 6. for *Segaramentè* r. *Segouramentè*, and *l.* 16. for *judge* r. *judg'd* twice in the ſame line, *p.* 46. *lin.* 10. for *Fernie* r. *Garni*, *p.* 62. *l.* 10. for *and* r. *and's*.

FINIS.